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The Fallacy of the Deterrent

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The Fate of Sadler's Wells

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The Hungry Sheep

BOTH the Labour leadership and the organisers of Victory For Socialism have gone some way to discredit their own good intentions in the unnecessary dispute which has arisen over the activities of this newly gingered-up ginger-group. To give the appearance of directly challenging the party constitution—and thus inevitably provoking disciplinary action—is, to put it mildly, an incautious attitude for Labour militants in the dying months of this discredited Tory government; and some of the earlier statements published about the aims of VFS suggested just such a provocative attitude. To that extent its organisers were guilty of inept tactics.

But the ineptness has been by no means entirely on their side. Further clarification of their aims and organisation raises considerable doubt whether they are after all in conflict with the Labour Party constitution. Certainly, on the main point at which Mr Gaitskell has chosen to challenge them—the right of their central committee to organise and control groups of individuals (not branches) in the country—the new VFS rules differ in no essential from the old ones; and these were accepted for 14 years by the Labour establishment, without any complaint that they contravened the party constitution. None of this appears to have been understood by the National Executive when the much publicised processes of discipline were first set in motion. The result is that some over-enthusiastic and not very wise statements have been magnified into a portentous party split, largely because the Labour leadership did not take enough trouble to examine the facts before making them an issue of party discipline; and, if the party has been publicly damaged, the leaders are as much to blame as VFS.

But none of this, however tactically embarrassing in what may still turn out to be an election year, matters half as much as the deep-seated weakness in the Labour Party of which the VFS demonstration is a superficial symptom. For VFS is the spontaneous protest of a despairing rank and file against a party leadership which is so desperately anxious to offend nobody, to paper over its own internal divisions until after it is in power, to accept no precise commitments, that it is in danger of leading us all to death by boredom.

When a group of back-benchers—some little known—can secure widespread support in the country for a protest against the joint leadership of Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan, the party must be suffering from a positive paralysis of its centres of action. And so we believe it is. The present bureaucratic leadership is far more sadly out of touch with the mood of its political rank and file than ever it was in the heyday of Bevanism. With a rebellion led by such a considerable figure as Mr Bevan, that struggle was inevitably a largely personal one for the leadership; and party loyalties were inevitably divided. This time the 'conspiracy' is not the Labour Party's customary seven-year itch to palace revolution. The only challenge to the 'united' leadership is against its plain failure to express the wishes or the emotions of the rank and file. It is not, in other words, the fact that dissidents are meeting which is the real issue, but the political purposes for which they are meeting.

Take the campaign for nuclear disarmament: a tide of revulsion against nuclear weapons—not always logical, but entirely real—is sweeping over the country. It is by no means confined to Socialists, but the Labour Party should be its instrument of expression. How many of those who are moved by the rhetoric of Lord Russell or Mr Priestley can find either sense or inspiration in the cautious hedging of the Labour leadership? Are Mr Bevan and Mr Gaitskell agreed in opposing the wishes of their followers and afraid to say so? Or are they too much in disagreement between one another to give the clear lead which perhaps a majority of people in the country expect from them?

The long series of by-election results from Tonbridge to Rochdale shows how little positive impact the Labour Party is making. This is the deficiency against which VFS is seeking to supply an injection of vitamins. Its methods may be tactless, its leadership unimpressive; but it is the product of a party leadership which has failed to satisfy its followers in terms of either reason or emotion. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

Comments on the Week's News

Summit Scepticism

Mr Gromyko's note to M. Pineau is a somewhat mysterious document. On the face of it, the Soviet acceptance of the original western formula for a preparatory meeting of Foreign Ministers is plainly intended to be a concession (it is reinforced by the subsequent Soviet offer to meet President Eisenhower in Washington); though it is curious that Russia should have waited to make it until the West – at the insistence of Britain – had ceased to regard it as an indispensable pre-condition. Hitherto, this journal has urged that the smoothest road to the Summit lies in a confidential exchange of views through ambassadors; but there is no inherent objection to the Foreign Minister formula provided their task is strictly limited to arranging the composition and agenda of the talks. On this point, Gromyko's note rightly insists; but it is less satisfactory when it comes to deal with the membership of the conference. There may be a case for including other powers, besides the big four, in the eventual Summit talks; but the 12-power formula proposed by Russia for the agenda talks makes no sense at all. This should be a brief, business-like meeting, held, if possible, *in camera*. If 12 powers are invited, a propaganda element will inevitably creep in, representatives will deliver set speeches – and hand them to the press – and what should be a purely procedural debate may be widened to include the issues themselves. If this occurs, the Summit talks may never be held; or, if held, may open on a note of acrimony which must at all costs be avoided. But, equally, Mr Dulles's latest pronouncement – which insists that the substance of the talks must be broached in the preparatory meeting – may produce deadlock before the Summit is even in sight.

The Bomb Campaign

Though the universities have been lethargic towards party politics in recent years, they are not disinterested in political issues – as the wave of protest against the Suez war revealed, and as the support now being given to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament confirms. The large meeting in Oxford on Tuesday, and the referendum of undergraduate opinion being taken there this weekend, are characteristic of the response. A petition circulated in London University last week was signed, within 24 hours, by almost 300 academic staff, among them 57 professors and readers; and similar petitions and meetings are being prepared in almost all university centres. This campaign seems to be attracting an unusually large proportion of young people, and in the local committees now being formed throughout the country there are many – especially from religious groups – who have not previously been involved in political activity. It is wrong to dismiss their enthusiasm as a wave of pacifist sentiment, or as a purely emotional reaction, though some of the speakers in the campaign have made their appeal in these terms. For the evidence so far suggests that the audiences are serious, and anxious to hear the policy of the Campaign argued as a practical as well as a moral case. Both levels of argument are, of course, important and effective, but if the Campaign is to continue to gather momentum among the uncommitted it must convince as much as it inspires. Public anxiety about nuclear warfare long remained unfocused because the problem seemed too complex, and a British initiative seemed too utopian. The present response has been evoked, in part, because the Campaign is not a pacifist protest, and the case for suspension of nuclear tests, for calling down the H-bombers from operational patrols, and for stopping the establishment of missile bases can be argued most successfully on a broad front.

World Unemployment

The figures of world unemployment issued this week are of value rather as an indication of trends than of movement in actual numbers, for countries compile their statistics on no uniform or comparable basis. In most countries unemployment is higher in the latest returns than it was a year before. In France and Great Britain figures show in the one case a slight fall and in the other a slight increase, while the US shows more than twice as many out of work than in January last year, and Canada also shows a big increase. Except in the US and Canada the figures do not yet give evidence of really large-scale recession; but the general trend is clearly away from full employment except in West Germany and Japan. In Italy, though there has been a small improvement, the level of unemployment remains distressingly high. In Great Britain, where the aggregate increase last month was still quite small, there are pockets of serious unemployment in such places as South Wales, Merseyside and parts of Scotland, and fresh evidence of so-called 'redundancy' is accumulating almost every day. In the US President Eisenhower has confidently predicted a turn for the better by the middle of the year; but he has produced no evidence, and many people believe that he will be proved wrong unless the government resorts to definite measures of reflation. Meanwhile West German recovery has continued in face of rising wages, and Japan has been successfully pushing exports at a great rate. What the figures fail to tell is the sharp reaction of falling prices for primary products on the economic position of the underdeveloped countries; this is bound to limit their means of carrying through their industrialisation plans and even of keeping their increasing populations fed where foodstuffs have to be imported.

The Pope's Second Thoughts

To most Englishmen, the attitude taken up by the Vatican in its current dispute with the Italian courts must seem inexplicable as well as outrageous. A closer examination of the 1929 Concordat, and of the circumstances which preceded the case brought by Sr. Bellandi, does, however, throw some light on the matter. The Concordat gives the church surprisingly wide powers, including the right to publish its comments on spiritual matters affecting the faithful; it also goes very far to exempt the clergy from the jurisdiction of the civil courts. The fact that the Archdiocese of Bologna is an area of bitter strife between Catholics and Communists, that Sr. Bellandi was a professed party member who had persuaded his fiancée, a practising Catholic, to marry without the sanction of the church, that he had the vociferous backing of the party machine, and that the civil ceremony itself was conducted in a provocative fashion, all help to explain the violence of the church's reaction. But the church put itself in the wrong on two points: first, the Bishop, though within his rights in making public notification of the breach of canon law committed by Senora Bellandi, was unjustified – even on grounds of Christian charity – in using the phrase 'public concubinage' to refer to a valid civil marriage, and was correctly condemned by the court. Second, the Vatican was wrong, on grounds of canon law, let alone political wisdom, in excommunicating the three judges. The fear of the Demochristians that the affair will seriously jeopardise their chances at the forthcoming election was reflected in the prompt action by the Premier, Sr. Zoli, in accepting the court's verdict; and there are signs that even the Vatican now regrets its haste in publishing sentences of excommunication, which have brought the church into direct and damaging conflict with the state. It may well be that popular sympathy with the Pope's 'grief' can be used to counterbalance some of the electoral advantage which the CP would otherwise draw from this public exhibition of clerical intolerance. But the whole business emphasises the need for revision not merely of the Concordat but also of Italian law – largely clerically inspired – in the sphere of moral conduct.

Now or Never for Malta

Dom Mintoff returns to London this weekend for what may well be his last visit. He opens negotiations next week without pre-conditions. It is now apparent that the Malta story has reached its denouement. Integration is hardly left on the agenda. Instead Mintoff will tell the government that he must have more money or he will declare Malta independent. He believes that in a sovereign state he could sell the use of his dockyard to several nations at a higher price. Such a policy dangerously hazards the life of the Maltese people, for the dockyard is a wasting asset. It is to be hoped that Mintoff is not playing for time in the belief that he may secure a better long-term agreement from a Labour government. Labour would hardly be as destructively mean in the interim period as the present British government; but the integration plan, including the economic agreement of last July, is the most that Labour is likely to offer, and Mintoff should realise that opposition to integration itself is growing rapidly even inside the Labour Party. It looks like now or never.

Press Freedom in Paris

Some weeks ago, we received information that the French government had threatened to expel Nora Beloff, the able, well-informed and scrupulously objective Paris correspondent of the *Observer*, unless she modified her criticisms of France's Algerian policy. At the time, we refrained from drawing public attention to the fact for fear of further jeopardising Miss Beloff's position. The news, however, has now been published in the *Observer* itself, and we feel free to add our own protest against this reprehensible attempt to limit the freedom of British reporters in Paris. For some time now, French papers of the left and centre have been obliged to operate a system of auto-censorship because they know that issues which contain information damaging to the French

authorities will be confiscated, with consequent financial losses they can ill-afford. *France-Observateur*, which was again confiscated last week (for publishing extracts from a book describing tortures inflicted on a 'suspect' in Algeria), has lost £20,000 in the past 18 months through such actions. Now, it seems, pressure is being put on British newspapers to conceal the horrors and futility of the Algerian war. Most disturbing of all, however, is the role the British Embassy played in the Nora Beloff affair. When, two years ago, the French government attempted to expel the correspondent of *Newsweek*, the US Embassy immediately, and effectively, intervened. In Miss Beloff's case, however, we understand that the British Embassy failed to accord her the support she would naturally expect, and even, it is alleged, allowed itself to be made the channel of communication for the threats delivered to her. There would seem to be a *prima facie* case for parliamentary investigation of this highly improper proceeding.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Gaillard on the Skids

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The conflict with Tunisia is preoccupying the political leaders less and less. The speeches of all of them, from Bidault to Mollet, are now mainly devoted to the question of the next government; indeed, to listen to them, you would think that Félix Gaillard was no longer Premier and that the crisis had already begun. Sakiet has split the present majority from top to bottom, and in the Palais Bourbon the only point in dispute is when, exactly, the government will fall. Indeed, by the time Mr Murphy has reached his conclusions, if any, there will probably be nobody to present them to in Paris. The Socialists, in particular, no longer trouble to hide their anxiety for a change in the Matignon. Mollet made his attitude quite clear in signing the condemnation of Sakiet drawn up by the Socialist International. He did so not merely in response to pressure from the British and German Socialist parties, but because he is aware of the feeling among his own rank and file. By associating himself too closely with the Lacoste policy, he risks losing the leadership of the party, and he has never concealed the fact that he regards this as more important than anything else in France. During the recent by-election campaigns in Marseilles and the Nièvre, Socialist spokesmen freely attacked the government as though the Socialist ministers had already left it, and denounced Lacoste personally, although he belongs to their own party. In both cases the Socialist vote rose significantly, and the party is becoming increasingly convinced that it must desert the Cabinet at the first favourable opportunity.

On the other side, the Right is waging a campaign for a government of 'national safety'. Soustelle, Duchet, Bidault and Morice have joined forces in urging that the present government is too weak to keep Algeria French; and they are concentrating on its refusal – for very sound financial reasons – to augment the military estimates and so allow a further 80,000 troops to be sent to Algeria. They are also playing the anti-American card for all it is worth, representing Murphy's 'good offices' assignment as the first move in a US plot to grab the Sahara oil; and naturally this has found a violent response among the growing number of Fascist bands now roaming the streets. Last week, a Fascist 'commando' broke up a public meeting in Marseilles. The subject of the lecture was China; and the lecturer was none other than – Edgar Faure! All this, of course, has been widely interpreted as a sign that France is swinging rapidly towards the right; and Britain and US are being urged to 'go slow' on Algeria on the grounds that 'interference' would precipitate a military *coup d'état*. This is nonsense. The recent by-elections have brought sizeable gains to both the left parties; and if the rightist *milices* appear to have the free run of the streets, this is largely due to the fact that both the Socialists and the Communists are uncertain where they stand on Algeria.

The Socialists' attitude is easily understandable; that of the CP is more complex. The fact is, its leadership is torn between opposition to the war and the fear that a settlement under international auspices would open wide the door to US influence in north Africa. Hence, the Soviet Ambassador, Vinogradov, has publicly expressed his opinion that the French should remain in Bizerta, and *L'Humanité* has launched a violent attack on Mr Murphy. Not surprisingly, these mental gymnastics have confused the party rank and file. They continue to vote Communist – and even to bring in new recruits – but they are not prepared to turn out into the streets until the issues become clearer.

Buenos Aires

Argentina Turns Left

A Latin-American Correspondent writes: I was with Dr Arturo Frondizi three times last week. I was the only foreign journalist who had a chance to talk alone with him during the hectic days after his sweeping victory in the presidential election. I had met him before, when he was just another candidate – more than a year ago – struggling to organise a powerful political movement out of the shambles left by Peron. He has not changed much since then. He still looks like an athletic college professor and has the same razor-sharp impatience with time-wasters.

Without any doubt, Frondizi is now the most important political figure in Latin America. Two weeks ago he scored the greatest electoral victory in the history of Argentina by beating the right-wing radical candidate, Dr Ricardo Balbin, by more than 1,500,000 votes. The Intransigent Radicals, led by Frondizi, have also won every governorship in the country, all the 30 Senate seats, and 133 deputies – against the 54 seats of the united opposition. Peron, even at his best, was never able to do as well. Though Frondizi's victory was won with the help of the Communist and Peronist parties, he would have won even without their support.

The platform of Frondizi's party is rather vague, but it seems that Frondizi will follow a nationalist line, especially on the crucial question of Argentina's oil resources. He will also pay more attention to trade union demands than did the provisional regime of General Aramburu, and seems likely to continue the more enlightened Peronist social policies.

It is perhaps in foreign policy that Frondizi will make more dramatic decisions. He has already hinted that he will seek conversations with the Chilean government in order to secure a real and effective economic union; and this, added to the possibility of a left-wing victory for Dr Salvador Allende in the Chilean presidential elections this September, suggests that the formation of a left-wing bloc in Latin America may be possible. When asked about his future policy towards the Afro-Asian group of nations, Frondizi answered that he was already studying ways of increasing trade and cultural exchanges and, with respect to the thorny problem of the recognition of Communist China, he admitted that his government would probably start negotiations to open diplomatic relations.

The most controversial concession Frondizi has made in order to win electoral support has been to the Catholic church. Before the election Frondizi saw fit to pacify the church by declaring that he would not 'initiate' – that was as far as he went – any legislation that would touch the tricky problem of divorce, and, furthermore, that he would not support the old radical policy of state education. This pledge was believed to be no more than an electoral device, and many thought that Frondizi would not honour it if he won. However, as leader of a country faced with a serious economic crisis and with a heavy responsibility as potential leader of a new Latin-American foreign policy, Frondizi will probably seek to avoid a showdown with the church – if only on the grounds of expediency.

Westminster

An Excursion to Bloomsbury

The chairman apologised to the meeting. He had announced the wrong interpreter. It was not after all to be the gracious elderly lady sitting just to the side of the table, but the tall, dark gentleman in horn-rimmed spectacles sitting behind the table on the speaker's right. This information, too, turned out to be incorrect. For though the tall, dark gentleman led off, he was immediately supplemented by the gracious lady if he hesitated over a word; and if he chose a word which did not seem to convey the speaker's meaning fully, the pair of them then staged a short debate in rapid and increasingly lively Italian.

These debates were watched in some bewilderment by that section of the small audience which spoke only English. The Italian-speaking section listened to them with intense, passionate interest and, at first, in silence; but soon the restraints of silence became unbearable and first one, then another joined in, here correcting a figure for the conversion of lire into sterling, there throwing into the growing pool of suggestions yet another word which had a finer nuance. As it seemed to require some hundreds of words to explain the finer nuance of one, there were long periods when the audience took over the meeting and the speaker just sat there, as eagerly interested as anyone else but saying nothing at all. No one, of course, was trying to be anything but helpful. The dozen or so Italians were determined that some 30 English men and women who had troubled to come to the Friends International Centre in Tavistock Square should miss no single facet of an extraordinary story, the story of Danilo Dolci.

Dolci had qualified as an architect; but the thought of spending his life designing more and more houses for rich people who did not need them revolted him. So six years ago, when he

was 28 he quietly dropped his profession and went back to the Sicilian fishing village of Trappeto, where his father had been station master. Sitting this week in a Bloomsbury ex-drawing room, with a baby grand piano in one corner and tea and biscuits (6d a head) in another, he told, sentence by sentence, what had happened to him since. On the day he arrived he saw a child die of starvation. In this, the 'poorest place on earth', the main, almost the sole occupations, were prostitution and banditry. For most of those who were outside these professions and were not one of the feudal landlords or their retainers, continued existence was made possible only by forays into the countryside for roots and herbs which normally are not considered edible.

The population was almost wholly illiterate. In the village there had been two couples in the previous generation who knew how to read or write. The figure had risen in the present generation to three couples. At that rate of progress, the whole village would be literate in 300 years. He calculated that the members of the 350 families there had spent a total of 600 years in school and a total, so far, of 3,000 years in prison. Worse than anything else was the complete apathy. Manure which could have fertilised the ground was burned as rubbish. So were the husks which could have made pig food. The river which could have irrigated parched land was allowed to run uselessly into the sea. No one cared. The central government spent money only on the police – 10,000 of them in the island. The church did nothing and the people themselves believed that their degradation was pre-ordained and that there never could or would be work.

Dolci's only funds were the small royalties from two books on architecture. He was entirely alone. But he set himself to fight this hopeless apathy. First he completely identified himself with the people he was trying to help. He bought a house in the poorest street. He married the widow of a poor fisherman who had been killed by bandits and, to her own five children, he added six more whom he found near to starvation. Then this man, who had never heard of Gandhi, went on hunger strike. He announced that he would not eat again until the regional government brought some relief to the village. Locking himself in a room, he played increasingly mournful tunes on a mouth organ, while pressmen, first from Sicily and then from the mainland, began to gather outside his window and to spread their accounts through the country.

The government gave in. They sent £800 for relief and promised both a school and an irrigation scheme. The promises remained unfulfilled and no more public money came. But some of those who had read the newspaper stories sent donations and with these Dolci began a small school.

More, however, was needed. He managed to persuade the least apathetic of his neighbours that it was better to work for nothing at something useful than to idle. Together they began to build an irrigation dam. Devising a technique which came to be known as the 'upside-down strike', they began to till neglected fields and build make-shift houses in empty spaces, no matter who owned them. They repaired a public road which the authorities had abandoned. When the police ordered him to stop, he adopted passive resistance and the sweating officers had to carry his huge bulk to gaol. He was sentenced to 50 days but the publicity which his case received attracted contributions from all over Italy.

Today, after six years, the practical achievements still seem small. But they are in fact great. By his dramatic gestures and the force of his example this young man has so aroused the conscience of some people in his own country and the interest of people in other countries that both money and volunteer helpers, some from Britain, are coming to him. Even more important, the people he is trying to help are being aroused to help themselves. In this island of traditional violence, people are beginning to practise non-violence; in this island of heedless, despairing individualism, they are beginning to see the hopefulness of combining together. It is no wonder that the Establishment is alarmed and hostile; and it was no wonder that at his sometimes comic little press conference in London this week his compatriots should be so anxious that we Britons should understand the story up to now.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

The Bomb in Long Acre

Freedom as we all know is a heady wine. . . . The sudden rush of it to the *Daily Herald's* editorial head last week on the H-bomb issue has set Fleet Street talking, Westminster puzzling and Transport House roaring. And it has got the *Herald* itself on the front pages of its rivals for the first time in more years that I now like to remember.

Ever since the *Daily Herald* altered its status and became an independently operated Odhams product, although published under licence from the TUC and loosely tied to the Labour Party, the question has been asked 'But will it really make any difference?' Last week the *Herald* apparently decided that the time had come to show that it had. Across three columns on its front page with massive display it published a great declaration. 'We say: A Policy For Staying Alive'. This policy turned out to be a lot closer to that of Bertrand Russell, J. B. Priestley – and the Victory For Socialism group – than to that of the official Labour Party. It demanded that Britain should not only stop H-bomb tests but also manufacture no more H-bombs, stop the flights of loaded H-bombers over Britain and refuse to allow Britain to become an American rocket base – even, said the *Herald* with a side kick at Nye Bevan, 'if it means that the British Foreign Minister is, as the phrase goes, naked in the council chambers of the world'.

This was fine for the rest of the press. Overnight the *Herald*, not normally one of the most quoted of journals, found itself newsworthy. It had a leader in the *Mail* – 'Weakening Britain', another in the *Daily Telegraph* – 'Socialist Chaos On Defence', yet another in the *Daily Sketch*, a hearty pat on the back from the *Daily Worker* and stories in practically all the others including a double column main news page piece in *The Times* – 'Herald and Party Leaders In Collision'. This may have created pleasure – at any rate temporarily – in Odhams circulation and publicity department, as it certainly did in Conservative Central Office. In Transport House, the reception

was quite otherwise. It was rather as if a respectable, if slightly dowdy, aunt – the widow perhaps of a minor canon – had suddenly turned up drunk and started smashing the furniture. Mr Morgan Phillips hurriedly penned one of his more bellicose and admonitory letters – cheerfully and variously hailed by the *Daily Sketch* as 'a left hook' and 'a kick in the pants for the poor old *Daily Herald*'. In this Mr Phillips not only accused the *Herald* of what must have seemed to the general public in the circumstances the somewhat odd crime of 'interfering in current private discussion between the Labour Party and the TUC' (whose H-bomb is it anyway?) but also of being disloyal and 'undermining the party'.

Down in Westminster the heads of the family were being hurriedly called together to deal with Auntie. There were tense meetings between leaders of the Labour Party and Odhams directors, special warnings from the TUC, hurried readings of the polite letters exchanged between Odhams and the TUC when the *Herald* was freed to become a wholly-owned Odhams subsidiary, acrimonious disputes as to what support for the Labour Party involves. By the end of the week Auntie's *Herald* was noticeably quieter – although whether the return to normal is permanent or only temporary no one yet knows for certain. And the results of that poll have still to come in to the office in Long Acre.

Undoubtedly the very strongest party pressure has been brought to bear on the *Herald's* editor to convince him that freedom is an apple you admire but don't actually eat. All kinds of threats as to what will happen if this sort of thing goes on have been uttered privately.

This seems to me to raise important principles. I did not myself find the *Herald's* 'Policy for Staying Alive' particularly well argued or particularly consistent with what appeared to be the paper's policy even the day before. And certainly the *Herald's* decision to demonstrate that it could step out on its own could hardly have been less tactfully timed in view of the National Executive's row with Victory For Socialism and the further fact that a joint Labour Party, TUC statement on the H-bomb was due any day. But to that its reply may be that this is a matter on which its editor and his associates feel so strongly, and on which they are convinced that they speak so much for the majority of their readers, that no such questions of tact or expediency could stand in the way. If this is their answer then I only hope that, right or wrong, they will stick to it whatever pressures are brought to bear upon them. For a very important principle indeed is here at stake. If the *Herald* is to be anything of a newspaper – and for that matter if it is to be of any great value to the Labour Movement – it must show itself capable of independence. The tied party paper is an anachronism – and it is about time the Labour Party recognised this.

In the past the *Daily Herald*, largely because constitutionally it expressed a particularly trade union view of 'loyalty' and 'discipline', has had to conduct itself on most occasions as if it were still living in the days of the tied party press of the 18th and early 19th centuries – the hack journalism which gave *The Times* the chance to emerge by demonstrating that journalism was and ought to be a separate estate with different powers and responsibilities from those of the statesman. It won't be easy for the Labour leaders to adjust themselves to the idea that their party newspaper ought, if it is to be a newspaper, to have a mind of its own. But I very much hope that the *Herald* won't get scared and abandon the lesson.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Fallacy of the Deterrent

FOR the power-hungry, historicism has always had a particular fascination. Charlemagne, Philip II, Napoleon, Hitler, Stalin – they all, sooner or later, succumbed to the temptation to mirror their lives in the past. No public man is immune – and for a very simple reason. Politicians convince themselves that there is a recurring pattern in events because it absolves them from the need to think. They have an instinctive fear of situations for which there is no historical parallel and for which, therefore, there is no prototype solution. The idea that history is a succession of unpredictable accidents, that they are guiding the ship of state into unknown and unknowable waters, is anathema to them. So, when a crisis occurs, they ransack history for a comparable incident and study the solution adopted by their predecessors. If it was successful, they repeat it; if unsuccessful, they do the opposite.

Naturally, in the search for parallels, facts are ruthlessly suppressed. Arnold Toynbee is not alone in bending history to fit his theories. Politicians do it every day. The most recent example of the historicist theory of politics at work – and with customarily disastrous results – was Eden's comparison of Nasser with Hitler. The western politico-military strategy of the deterrent is based on similar reasoning, though in this case the usual combination of historical and logical fallacies is far more complex. Briefly, the argument runs as follows. Both world wars occurred because the western democracies were militarily weak. Had they armed themselves in time, the enemy would have been deterred from aggression and war would have been avoided. Ergo, to prevent a Third World War, we must arm ourselves to the teeth and negotiate from strength.

First, the myth that the First World War occurred because Britain was unprepared. This myth is a comparatively recent one. Until 1939, most people agreed that the First World War was caused by the arms race, and it was only when they were confronted, for a second time, with the phenomenon of a German conflict – and this time springing from manifestly different causes – that they became confused and began to draw false parallels. Then they remembered that there was a sizeable pacifist movement in Britain before 1914; that it included more than half the Labour Party and a broad section of the Liberals; and that, until the Germans invaded Belgium, even the Cabinet opposed British intervention.

Unfortunately, the memory of these public political attitudes gradually obscured the fact that Britain had been preparing for war for nearly a decade before 1914. A policy of no commitments might be the refrain of parliament, but in the Foreign Office, the Horse Guards and the Admiralty a totally different atmosphere prevailed. The turning point came in January 1907, when Sir Eyre Crowe, Assistant Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, presented his famous memorandum. In it, he evolved the theory of the deterrent in its purest form. For Britain, he argued, control of the seas was paramount. Any power which threatened this control was a mortal enemy. The rate of German naval construction constituted such a threat. This threat would be withdrawn only if the Germans were convinced that Britain had the will to meet and vanquish it. And the only way to convince them was to provide, as he put it, 'ocular evidence' of this will by building battleships at twice the German rate. The phrase 'ocular evidence' is significant: it sums up the whole of the deterrent philosophy. For the first time, Crowe formulated the belief that the physical existence of retaliatory power would, in itself, curb the ambitions of aggressor states.

Grey, the Foreign Secretary, circulated Crowe's memorandum among the Cabinet. Its arguments sank deep into the basic thinking of British public men. Imperceptibly, its conclusions began to be accepted as gospel. The Foreign Office became a citadel of anti-German attitudes. Meanwhile, a huge war machine was brought to a state of readiness. Although it proved unnecessary to keep to the two-to-one Dreadnought construction programme, a proportion of eight-to-five was maintained, and at the outbreak of war the Navy had a decisive superiority in capital ships in the crucial area of the North Sea. Not only, therefore, was the deterrent constructed: it was deliberately brandished. From the time that Winston Churchill went to the Admiralty – in 1911 – he made it his object to bring the Navy to what he called 'a state of instant and constant readiness'. Here again, the phrase is significant: it is almost identical to the words used last November by the head of the US Strategic Air Command to describe the preparations to meet the challenge of Soviet supremacy in the missile field.

Nor was the Navy alone in preparing for war. A few weeks after Crowe's memorandum was presented, the first Anglo-French army staff talks took place. Here, the leading spirit was General Sir Henry Wilson, who held the key post of Director of Military Operations at the War Office. Convinced that a war with Germany was inevitable, in which Britain would take the field on the left flank of the French army, he set about organising an expeditionary force of 100,000 men – capable of expansion to five times the size within four months – which could be in action on French or Belgian territory within 20 days of a declaration of war. So thorough were the preparations that, despite America's vastly greater resources of manpower, the build-up of British forces in France during the first six months after our entry into the war proceeded at six times the rate of America's during the whole of 1917. Here, indeed, was the real statistical difference between a power which had prepared for war and one which had not.

It has, of course, been argued that this deterrent policy failed simply because the deterrent was not 'massive' enough. But here again, the theory will not bear examination of the facts. During this period, the equations of military power were drawn up on the assumption that Germany and Austria would be pitted against Russia and France, with the possible addition of Britain. France and Russia began to construct a co-ordinated deterrent of vast size nearly 20 years before the conflict. As early as 1899, the peace establishments of the Franco-Russian armies totalled 1,470,000 against 950,000 for the central powers, giving a Franco-Russian margin of 520,000. By 1907 this margin had been increased to 802,000 and by 1914 to 1,000,000. Moreover, in March 1914, Italy signed a military convention with the allies, raising the margin by a further 273,000; and by this time it was known that Britain was in a position to make an immediate contribution of a further 100,000. These were pre-mobilisation strengths. A comparison of war strengths shows a Franco-Russian margin of 1,212,000 which, together with Italian and British contributions, gave the allies a total margin of 1,500,000.

True, in one respect, the Franco-Russian forces

were at a disadvantage: the slow rate of Russian mobilisation meant that the full weight of allied superiority could not be brought to bear immediately. But again, long before the war, plans were devised to remedy this. Russia, with French financial support, began a massive programme of railway construction, whose confessed object was to speed up the transfer of reserves to the German front. The programme was due to be complete in 1917, and it was for this reason that the military experts, on both sides, picked 1917 as the most likely year for a conflict. Their reasoning was significant and gives the lie to the entire theory of the deterrent. They foresaw that the period of maximum danger would coincide precisely with the moment when the deterrent became complete. Hence, the deterrent was not a deterrent at all, but a cause of the conflict.

Indeed, the final proof that the deterrent, though of massive size, failed to deter is to be found in the evolution of the German war plans. These varied from time to time, but they always took the general form of a sharp onslaught on France through Belgium, followed by a more prolonged offensive, after the destruction of the French army, against Russia. They took final shape towards the end of 1912, when they were embodied in a General Staff memorandum. It is often argued that had Britain publicly declared her intention of intervening in the event of an invasion of Belgium, the German forces would never have marched. This myth is effectively demolished by the German memorandum: for it is based on the assumption that Britain would intervene and would have a force in the field within a month of the outbreak. In it, the total allied strengths are accurately calculated. Nevertheless, victory is assumed as rapid and final. Similar reports, drawn up in France and Russia, tell the same tale of unshakable military optimism. In short, though the construction of the allied deterrent obviously played some part in winning the eventual conflict, it did not, and could not, play any part in preventing it, for the simple reason that the German generals did not regard it as a deterrent but as a challenge—and even a provocation.

But today, it is argued, the existence of megaton bombs has abolished the concept of a victorious campaign and has therefore produced a qualitative change in the attitude of the soldiers to war itself. The first part of this contention is undoubtedly true; but the second is very debatable. Now, as before 1914, military leaders on both sides, whilst acknowledging that thermonuclear war must be catastrophic, still proclaim their invincible faith that, if needs be, their own forces can win it. The new British Defence White Paper fully admits that 'no country can hope to gain anything by war', which would 'imperil the safety of humanity'. But it goes on to imply that, should war come, the West would undoubtedly win it. 'The overall superiority of the West,' it says, 'is likely to increase rather than diminish.' The advent of intermediate-range rockets, it claims, will increase western military power, though, for geographical reason, they will not afford 'any corresponding strategic advantage' to Russia. It actually envisages the outbreak of total war: 'In that event, the role of the allied defence forces in Europe would be to hold the front for the time needed to allow the effects of the nuclear counter-offensive to make themselves felt'. In short, the generals on our side are still thinking in terms not only of war, but of victory; and so long as generals believe victory can be won, war cannot be dismissed as unthinkable. Which brings me to my central, and very simple, contention: men acquire arms not to prevent wars, but to win them.

So we turn to the origins of the Second World War, on which the main historical case for the deterrent theory is based. Once again, it will not bear examination of the facts. There is no evidence whatsoever that Hitler, at any stage of his career, was deterred by the military strength of his adversaries. In 1941, Britain was weak, isolated and ripe for final annihilation; he nevertheless embarked on an unprovoked and unnecessary invasion of Russia; and a few months later he accepted an additional, and equally avoidable, conflict with America. Neither of these actions seems to have been determined by an assessment of the military factors, or indeed to have been influenced by them in the slightest. After all, if it was the military weakness of Britain and France which led Hitler to war in 1939, why did he not attack immediately, when that weakness was at its most pronounced?

In my view, Hitler was not influenced by rational considerations – on which, of course, the deterrent theory is based – and once he had consolidated his power, war was inevitable. Had Britain and France kept pace with German rearmament, the conflict would merely have occurred sooner. And had it done so, world opinion, which eventually and with good reason swung round behind Britain, would have been bitterly divided. We now know that even some of the British dominions were not prepared to back Britain in a conflict with Germany at any stage prior to the Polish crisis; and America, certainly, would have declared her neutrality and maintained it. Anglo-French rearmament in the mid-Thirties would merely have precipitated a war which, in all probability, we would have lost.

Indeed, the more we study the origins of wars, the clearer it becomes that the deterrent not merely fails to deter, but has exactly the opposite effect. And this for a simple logical reason. By making the deterrent the principal instrument of your foreign policy, you inevitably place its direction, to a greater or lesser extent, in the hands of the military. There is no evidence that soldiers are occupationally more bellicose than politicians or diplomats. But, of necessity, they do not think in precisely the same way. To the soldier, the ultimate evil is not to fight a war – but to lose it. He must give priority in his thinking to the second contingency. Hence, a soldier may find it his duty to resist measures which, though they would prevent a currently threatening conflict, might place his country at a military disadvantage in a subsequent one. A classic example of this is the Anglo-German agreement of 1912 – the one serious attempt, throughout the period, to achieve a broadly-based Anglo-German understanding – which was sabotaged by the French government on the advice of its General Staff. But many other examples could be drawn from the long negotiations of the UN Disarmament Sub-Committee. Any diplomat who has taken part in them will tell you that military members of the delegations always have the last word; and this is inevitable, while the primary consideration is the maintenance of the deterrent.

Nor, alas, is this all. When two power-blocs confront each other in a state of 'instant readiness', purely military factors assume such importance that they themselves can become the cause of conflict. This can happen in two ways. The first, and less dangerous, is by accident. Today, with both SAC and the Soviet air force maintaining H-bomb patrols, thermonuclear war can break out solely because a pilot goes insane, or – more likely – because of a confusion in signals. 'Instant preparedness' means a considerable devolution in authority, and it is now within the capacity of a junior commander to unleash the nuclear deluge. Misunderstandings constantly occur in military chains of command, and the possibility of an accidental H-bomb war is by no means as remote as many people – including the the Prime Minister – seem to suppose. In a recent article, Captain Liddell Hart quoted examples from the last war. In 1940, a drunken British major gave the signal for the invasion alarm, and plunged East Anglia into confusion. Far more serious was the destruction of Rotterdam by the German air force, which occurred solely because a junior officer misinterpreted a signal.

Such possibilities, however, are not so alarming as the inherent perils of a war machine in a state of 'instant readiness' – of a catastrophe springing not from accident but from the nature of the machine itself. The deterrent, supposedly the slave of diplomacy, has an inevitable tendency in its search for speed and efficiency, to become its master. Let me quote an example. The operative document which persuaded the German government to invade Belgium in 1914 was a memorandum presented by the German General Staff on 29 July. This pointed out, in the strongest terms, the disastrous consequences of a European conflict. Such a war, wrote the generals, 'will annihilate for decades the civilisation of almost all Europe'. Nevertheless, they argued, the Russian mobilisation would, for purely mechanical reasons, lead to a progressive, mathematical increase of the military odds against Germany with every day that passed; therefore an early German declaration of war was vital. In short, Germany entered the war not for any long-term political aims, but because of short-term, military factors, which sprang directly from the policy of 'instant readiness'.

The Russians, too, were the slaves of their war machine. The essence of the deterrent was the capacity to mobilise swiftly. But the physical process of Russian mobilisation made it inevitable that, within a week of the decree being published, Russian troops would cross the German frontier. Either the deterrent worked within the first two days, or it would not work at all. For troops would begin to reach the forward railheads from the first day; they would then pile up in ever-increasing numbers. If the frontier was not crossed, the organisational structure of the entire army would become confused, there would be simply no place to put the troops, and Russian war plans would be revealed. Hence, there was no alternative but to cross the frontier. It is difficult to think of a better example of purely military factors dictating issues of peace or war.

Today, we are faced with a situation which is basically similar. The Strategic Air Command is a world-wide force of 3,000 heavy bombers and fleets of tanker planes. Each squadron has its allotted targets and time-tables of attack; but the entire operation is co-ordinated down to the last bomb and second. Once the alarm is given, the machine itself takes control – as it must – and the sequence of events flows inexorably without any politician's hand to control it. On 2 November 1956, at the height of the Suez crisis, the

NEXT WEEK

Spring Books Number

including

WALTER ALLEN on the James/Wells Letters
R. H. S. CROSSMAN on Pressure Groups
J. Z. YOUNG on the Darwin Centenary
G. W. STONIER on two Beckett Novels
V. S. PRITCHETT · MICHAEL HOWARD
JOHN RAYMOND · C. H. ROLPH

National Security Council in Washington – the ultimate controlling authority of the western deterrent – met in emergency session. The day before, Marshal Bulganin had launched a virtual ultimatum against Britain and France. Throughout the night, intelligence reports had indicated Soviet military overflights in Turkey and Persia. Mr Dulles wished to respond to these moves by allerting SAC and deploying its squadrons in a manner which would provide 'ocular evidence' of America's will to resist. But the air force chiefs explained that such an action would be tantamount to war; that the size and nature of SAC meant that it could not get all its aircraft airborne, and begin the complex process of aerial refuelling, without revealing to the enemy its axes of attack, knowledge of which would undermine the deterrent, *unless it was really intended to use it this time*. Moreover, they added, once it became clear that SAC was getting into position, the Russians would be bound to do the same, and then a conflict would become virtually inevitable.

Fortunately, while the Council was still sitting, further intelligence reports revealed that there was no radar evidence of Soviet overflights. The crisis passed: but it revealed the fatal lack of flexibility of the deterrent. Since then the SAC commanders have attempted to devise a system of permanent semi-mobilisation – of which the H-bomb patrols are one aspect – which will make SAC an effective instrument of fear, without allowing it to glide over into the abyss and become an instrument of provocation. They are unlikely to succeed. The Russians, confronted with precisely the same problem in the years before 1914, also devised a system of 'semi-mobilisation' which, they calculated, would frighten their enemies without provoking them. As we have seen, it was a disastrous failure.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

NUCLEAR sane-men will, I am sure, be excused a smile – one of those very wry ones – at the RAF corporal, described as 'one of only six men in Britain trained to tow H-bombs around the country' who pleaded guilty last Monday of driving under the influence of drink and had his licence suspended for a year. True, he was not driving an H-bomb at the time, only a friend's car. Possibly he was feeling the strain of his occupation, though not necessarily. Some people are strangely imperturbable. (Napoleon III sat absolutely calm at dinner while a footman emptied a siphon of soda down his neck. The father of George Moore's friend, Lewis Seymour, continued to play a tricky passage on the flute while a fly crawled all over his face: 'Pray do not remove it, I happen to like the sensation'.) However, the incident is curiously apt, occurring just now in this, perhaps the most nodal week in the year, with Spring erupting prematurely and Summit Talks beginning to bud at last.

* * *

Do they test nuclear personnel for latent minor epilepsy or epileptic constitution, which is, I believe, a great deal commoner than many people suppose? One can only hope so. In predisposed types intermittent light stimulation can bring on vertigo and, occasionally, in sensitive cases, slight seizures. The Greeks knew about this. Before buying a slave in the market they would test him for epilepsy by rotating a potter's wheel in front of his eyes. The phenomenon is sometimes accompanied by sensations of colour which give pleasure. A recent paper in the *Lancet* with the somewhat intriguing title *Photogenic Epilepsy Induced by the Patient* describes how some epileptics, notably children, find themselves compelled to induce epileptic episodes in themselves by looking at the sun and flicking their fingers in front of their eyes. Self-induced fits: no odder really than drinking, smoking, drug-taking and various forms of addiction; but odd, certainly. There always seems to be at least one example of every imaginable human activity so long as it does not contravert the laws of physics; better be very careful.

* * *

> Friends, I don't like women who wear hats. If a woman is wearing a hat, silk stockings, or carries a poodle, or has a gold tooth, then she's an aristocrat and not a woman at all. Very dangerous ground they are . . . .

This, which I quote as an appetiser, is the opening paragraph of a – presumably – newly translated short story by Zoshenko. It appears in the current issue of that interesting and eminently support-worthy quarterly, *Nimbus*. They don't unfortunately tell you when it was written, though, like so many of Zoshenko's double-take studies in Soviet philistinism, it seems to have a dateless application. If Krushchev was really bold, he would award Zoshenko the Order of Lenin for his stand against Stalinist and Zhdanovite sectarianism in literature. In fact, the wooden-headed campaign against satire in the USSR, internal satire, that is, began very early. In Lunacharski's preface to Ilf and Petrov's *The Little Golden Calf*, that admirably lively picaresque novel published in the Twenties, he cracked a joke or two about the debatable literary thesis that the need for satire had vanished along with the bourgeoisie. This, at a glance, is a particularly interesting issue of *Nimbus*; items include a longish extract from Bertold Brecht's satire *The Private Life of Julius Caesar*, and an eloquent selection from the Chilean Poet, Pablo Neruda.

* * *

Meditation on the sociology of Brighton, inspired more by the case at the Old Bailey than by the local exhibition of social facilities which the Mayor opened last Monday. The first thing that strikes you is the strange dichotomy of this two-faced town. Its raffishness and its respectability. (This no longer follows the division into the two boroughs of Brighton and Hove. Despite the protestations of Hoveians, there is overlapping of all sorts.) There are, or were only the other day, getting on for 93 afternoon drinking clubs. There must be almost as many boys' and girls' boarding schools. These are all, no doubt, impeccably conducted establishments even if hardly in the *avant-garde* of progressive education. Foreigners, reared on the tradition of English hypocrisy and vice Anglaise, cannot help finding this purely accidental juxtaposition somehow suggestive. I am always astonished that so few novelists, apart from Graham Greene, have used the Brighton setting. This is the only town in England where you get, in a conveniently limited space, a really mixed, a genuinely picaresque society, such as writers long for and which has become so hard to find in the modern world. In a Brighton restaurant over the week-end you see upper-middle-class parents with schoolboy-sons in ringed caps, and crooks from London who have 'had it off' and are celebrating with their girl-friends. It has always been a tradition of the London underworld to go to Brighton after a 'tickle'. Of late, rather more professional criminals have taken to living there and commuting to crime. The whole place has a curiously dream-like quality. Seen from the Palace Pier, the houses above the front vanish towards Roedean in a milky translucent mist. The vast yellow-grey avenues of Hove, named after English Jewish philanthropists, have a very different but almost equally hypnotic ambience. Here, on school walks to church, I used to suffer from pubescent Dark Night of the Soul. It is a consolation to learn that there are expensive gambling clubs behind some of these puritanical facades. The conflicting currents of Eros and Jahweh are very strange. About a hundred years ago the crowd returning from Brighton Races were so lascivious that they began dragging young seamstresses from the windows of a workroom. Easy, no doubt, to over-estimate the sensational aspect, but this must be a particularly difficult place to maintain law and order in uncorrupted – though plenty of people don't seem to have tried very hard.

* * *

A centenary dip into the most fascinating and timeless of all diaries: *The Goncourt Journals*. Why not? Bound to make one discontented, of course. For the first week of March 1858, the principal entries concern: A spendthrift who couldn't bear to pay back his debts except in the form of supper parties. A note on the Junoeque (h'm) quality of Raphael's Madonnas. An encounter with a strange Italian bum known as the Fly because of his habit of dropping off to sleep leaning against the wall of a slum gambling hell. How, after picking up a *louis d'or* between his toes, he took a room in a pension kept by two ex-governesses, became the lover of one of them, married her, infected both of them with his taste of gambling, ruined them and persuaded them to become Roman Catholics, then went round the Etoile quarter organising a gambling syndicate of stonemasons. You don't pick up this kind of case-history by sitting in front of your television set; but I suppose if you were to comb Soho, Chelsea, and Bayswater for a week, intensively, you might find some sort of counterpart. Or Brighton; that, certainly, would be a compulsory milieu for a London equivalent of the immortal brothers. Plenty of plushy trips in the Belle with notebooks filling up fast: We are now half-way through our project of visiting all the 93 afternoon drinking clubs. . . .

* * *

As a moderately staunch rationalist, I ought not, I suppose, to help the obscurantists; but we all have our mystical moments. The religious propaganda poured out on radio and television recently has been so crude and inept that I cannot resist the impulse to give the poor clerics a few tips. Instead of bleating like mid-19th century evangelicals, let them brush up on their physics. Who said: (A.) 'The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical.' (B.) 'The cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest mainspring of scientific research.' (C.) 'Religion and natural science are fighting a joint battle in an incessant, never relaxing crusade against scepticism and against dogmatism, against disbelief and against superstition, and the rallying cry in this crusade has always been, and always will be: "On to God".' (D.) What English poet intuitively anticipated non-Euclidean geometry and the Einsteinian universe? (E.) Which great 20th-century mathematician declared: 'I see no reason to suppose that the air about us, and the heavenly spaces over us, may not be peopled by intelligences, or entities or forms of life, as unintelligible to us as we are to the insects.'

Answers: A and B, Einstein. C, Planck. D, Blake. E, Whitehead.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Sedgley Urban Council has agreed to the Sunday opening of cinemas provided that a clergyman preaches a sermon during the programme.—*Manchester Guardian.* (R. Brookes.)

The mounted troop is the captain's idea. 'Even in the age of nuclear warfare the best training for an officer is to ride a horse,' he declared.
'It brings out the best qualities in a chap.'—*News Chronicle.* (B. Hutchinson.)

Stonehenge is a symbol of British independence. That some stones were thrown down by a foreign invader is the more reason for putting them back.—Letter in *The Times.* (Alan Grounds.)

Fifteen St. Hilda's girls, aping 'Lysistrata', have resolved not to go out with any man who will not throw himself into the campaign to ban the H-bomb. They hope this form of protest will spread all over the country. A convert in Cambridge may organise a boycott there.—*Observer.* (C. Mayo.)

I know what a thrill it is to hear one's request record played on the radio. I had my request played —after plaguing the BBC for seventeen years.
Unfortunately, I was so excited that I cried all the time the record was on the air and I didn't hear a note of it!—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (M. Fenner.)

There is a spark of decency in every Englishman that makes him think that buying underwear is best left to women.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (J. S. Mercer.)

When an Army general rode to hounds with a Nottinghamshire hunt today, national service men at his headquarters were given the day off to follow on foot.—*The Times.* (Mary C. Sprads.)

Wake Duncan

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst. (*Macbeth,* Act II, Scene 2.)

The sands of Time run swiftly through the glass—
I wish the time of Sandys would run as quickly,
For Henry Dubb, more dumb than Balaam's Ass,
Is feeling somewhat sickly.

Whoever uses his deterrent first
Stands the best chance of doing some deterring;
The logic of aggressors is accurst
But dismally unerring.

Which makes us wonder what the Weapon's for—
Death's deadline is their Ultimate Evasion;
They murmur that a war is not a war—
Well—sometimes—on occasion. . . .

Then talk of Summits. But I find it odd
That first toward the dark abyss they turn us.
(I've heard it's tougher work to get to God
Than slither to Avernus.)

Bland and banal the fatal phrases fall;
'WHATEVER CONSEQUENCES'—shades of khaki;
Drums, Tipperary, trenches. . . . *Not at all*
Of one vast Nagasaki.

You can awaken men who are asleep,
Find antidotes to stir the drugged or drunken
And keep them waking by subtracting sheep. . . .
But not the Dead—or Duncan.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Kerala Experiment

EVERYONE in India is worried about the Chagla inquiry. Everyone, that is, except the millions who can't read, hardly ever hear a radio and have their noses kept down to the grindstone of hard poverty in a cruel climate: the peasants working their tiny plots or the city coolies shoving and carrying weights that ought in common decency to be handled by machinery, the women who bear the yearly child and wash the family rags and pots so carefully in such muddy water. They ought to be worried. It is they who are threatened by corrupt bureaucrats and the capitalists of India today. Such people, who are obstructing the possibility of a decent life for the poor, cannot ever have believed in the ideals of Congress. Yet most of them, doubtless, would call themselves Congress supporters. They are the ones who put on the Gandhi cap after 1947. How is Congress, which was once a fire in the blood but is now the Establishment, to deal with its own supporters and do what is desperately needed for India? Nor is it only the peasants and industrial workers who are suffering. The misery of the middle classes, whose education and skill are unused, is clear.

Against that background, look at Kerala, the southern Indian state whose Communist government, duly elected and liable to be turned out at another election—it has only a narrow majority—is trying, within the framework of the Indian constitution, to take the steps towards Socialism which should, according to the original ideals of the Congress leaders, have been taken everywhere. Kerala is small, as Indian states go. It has only six or seven times the population of Scotland. Of these 40 million or so, over a third are cultivators, mostly small tenants, but another fifth are landless agricultural workers. Only perhaps 14 per cent are in any sense industrial workers. Here is the proletariat. There is practically no wasteland in Kerala, and the population is two thousand to the square mile. But they are not in clustered villages such as one sees in most other parts of India. In Kerala the general pattern is for each household to be in a closely cultivated holding, often fenced off from its neighbour with palm-leaf lattice, growing coconuts, bananas, rice, tapioca—for a staple but unsatisfactory diet—along with pepper, cashew nuts and various other fruits, vegetables and spices. The Kerala population of landless is higher than in any other Indian state, and the tenant has had no security against the landlord. The Kerala Agrarian Act means the taking over, with compensation, of land where an estate has more than 15 acres, though there are pages and pages of exceptions. This land will normally be offered to the small tenant, but will do something to resettle the landless. It will also stop land speculation.

Now it seemed to me very odd to nationalise all that land and then let it go back into private hands, but here, I suppose, they are following very closely on the original ideals of Congress. All Indians certainly think that every farmer wants land of his own and that the incentive of getting it will lead to greatly increased production. When I suggest that British Socialists think in terms of land leased from the state or from some appropriate state agency, with security for the good farmer, they say that we do not understand their position, that they do not worry about developing a proletariat of conservative peasants. They, after all, should know, and I am sure Mr Namboodiripad, the Chief Minister, a Brahmin in the rather peculiar Kerala grouping, knows what he is about. He struck me as a man of integrity, education and charm, extremely anxious for me to realise that Indian Communism has its affinities with Chinese, perhaps Bulgarian, Communism but must be judged on its merits. That, I think, is the attitude of intelligent people throughout India.

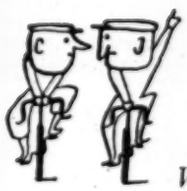
Coming down into Kerala from the hills above Munnar, where the road loops down from tea gardens at 4,000 feet to sugar-cane at sea level, I looked out for signs of the new times. There was certainly street- and wall-chalking in curly Malayalam script—how much nicer to chalk in than English letters! There was a village meeting with red flags and the familiar word 'sub-committee' floating out from the speaker's rostrum. The tea plantations are not nationalised—nor can they be within the Indian constitution. However, their workers are being given rather better pay. But what was really remarkable was the number of young people, boys and girls alike, carrying bundles of school books. I had a long talk with Mr Joseph Mundassery, the Minister of Education, a tall, sprawling optimist, about his proposals on education. He himself was a teacher in a Roman Catholic school and is up against both the Catholic and the Syrian churches over the appointment of teachers and the powers of school managers. He wants to make certain that education is genuine, not merely learning prayers by heart, and he insists that all schools should be open to all denominations or religions. The churches, again, favour an academic education in the higher stages; that is only to be expected, since people who have a technical or scientific education are seldom uncritical believers in any religion. But India desperately needs scientists and technicians and Mr Mundassery is determined to get them for Kerala. We have had some experience of the same kind of thing in Great Britain, but have slid into various cosy compromises, mostly, perhaps, because there has always been a progressive group in almost all our churches. But the churches in Kerala, ancient as they are, don't go in for social progress; they stick safely to power politics and the maintenance of things as they are. Mr Mundassery several times quoted Gandhi on basic education, the need for crafts, the wisdom of the hand. I felt that he was convinced, not only that this was the correct Marxist approach, but that it was on the lines of all that was best in Indian thought.

Perhaps, indeed, people like the Kerala Communists are in the true line, certainly far more so than the administration immediately before theirs, which declared itself for Congress and was fantastically corrupt. If the present government can really clear all that up, put through land reforms and raise real literacy to something like western standards, then it will be up to Congress to do as well elsewhere. Perhaps Congress must be brought to life, both by devotion from within and by opposition from without. The Communists have been the first effective opposition party and I think they were badly needed. The question is, can one combine Communism with some kind of democracy? I can't see, myself, how Kerala can be turned into a dictatorship or nice Mr Namboodiripad with the slight stammer (which some people say he puts on for visitors) into a tyrant. Communism, like Christianity or Hinduism, can be re-stated in terms of a new situation. Perhaps that is happening in Kerala.

NAOMI MITCHISON

the things they say!

This is the Age of the Common Man, all right!

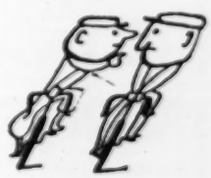


Maybe, but even today I doubt if the worker gets a proper stake in industry.

Things are changing, though.

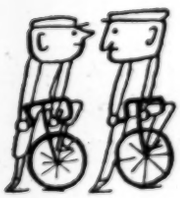
Not that I've noticed.

Well, quite a number of concerns now have profit-sharing schemes, and some — like I.C.I.'s — also enable their employees to become stockholders.



Yes, but these schemes are only smokescreens. The bosses simply depress wages to find the money to pay for them.

That's where you're wrong. I.C.I. workers get the wages that have been negotiated on their behalf by seventeen Trade Unions. Any benefits they receive under the Company's profit-sharing scheme are over and above what they get in their pay envelopes.



Yes, but I.C.I. isn't Santa Claus. If the wages don't suffer, something else must — amenities or something.

Wrong again, friend. I.C.I.'s policy has led to a steady improvement in the service conditions of its employees, and the profit-sharing scheme is just another example. From now on, the employees are going forward with the stockholders as joint partners in their own efficient and expanding business.

ICI

New Commons

WHEN the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, QC, remarked that 'since 1945 nobody of real achievement or distinction in any outside activity has gone into the Commons' I thought he was taking an unkind crack at the Liberal Party – or even, perhaps, at Mr Grimond, who had not come in until 1950 and had succeeded him in the leadership. But when Sir Hartley Shawcross agreed, I was shocked. Never did a leading QC take up a brief so bereft of evidence.

I then did some research, and I was surprised to find that if we take November 1945 as a deadline – that excludes the newcomers in the 1945 general election and the first few by-elections – there have since been no less than 340 new entrants to the House – men and women returned for the first time. It is doubtful whether Clement Davies or Sir Hartley knew that this number was so large, or have known many of these newcomers personally, but like Jack London's 'Malemute Kid' they seem to believe that, after 1945, 'the Lord busted the mould and never made another'. 'Parliament,' echoed *The Times*, 'has too many little men.' I wrote to demur. A Tory MP then wrote to me about 'that trashy leading article from Haley', and went on, 'every few years some incident (and a permanent jealousy) promotes an attack on the supposed little men in the Commons'. They also, he said, start a 'search for great men', and ask why they can't be found in industry or Fleet Street, or in the professions or the services. The truth, he concluded, is 'that events make men great and that is entirely a matter of chance'.

What are the merits of the case? What is the Davies-Shawcross Test of 'real achievement and distinction in any outside activity'? Is it persons who match their own quality? Is it to have a nationally-known name? Or is it those who are known to their peers as men of particular or peculiar quality? I suggest it should be the last. But let me take the first and second for argument. Names that are household words? Douglas Houghton came to the House in 1949. He had been on the General Council of the TUC and he was a nationally-known broadcaster – 'Can I help you?'. In 1950, we gained Charles Hill, the Radio Doctor, and also the secretary of the BMA. In 1951 Sir Walter (Lord) Monckton arrived. Is he to be classed as a lesser legal luminary? And what of the other post-1945 lawyers? There are Sir Lionel Heald, former Attorney-General, and Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, present Solicitor-General, to say nothing of Mr Milligan, the Scottish Lord Advocate.

I run my eye down the Tory list – some 230 of them. High among the 'A's' there is Hubert Ashton, the hero of my youth, a triple Blue, Cambridge University and Essex, who scored a famous century against Warwick Armstrong's mighty 1921 eleven. I have seen his name in banner headlines many a time and oft, to say nothing of all the record books. Real achievement and distinction? I should say so. Two VCs on the list – Captain Ryder and Brigadier Smyth – the latter became a junior Minister. What priority higher than this? Or don't they meet the Davies-Shawcross Test? Do we disregard valour? Then, on the Labour side, there is Denis Howell, elected in 1955.

He not only makes first-class speeches on local government, but he is the only MP ever to be on the Football League's first-class list of referees. He is watched by tens of thousands of fans weekly. Does he qualify? More people follow and get excited about his judgments than ever followed any lawyer's pleadings. Then there is Laddie Lucas, DSO with bar, DFC, captain of the Walker Cup team. And why not, if the House is really to represent the complete cross-section of the nation? Is this all so irrelevant? There have been those with great names who have come in and failed by Commons standards. There have been those, too, as was written by his tutor Cory of the late Lord Roseberry, 'who like the palm without the dust'.

What really matters is how men match up to politics. In the Cabinet there are (1950 class) Macleod and Watkinson – and Maudling in charge of the European Common Market negotiations. Most Tories would consider these men outstanding, but there are plenty of up-and-comers of the same year barking on their heels, and all enjoying junior ministerial rank. Such are R. A. Allan, C. J. Alport and R. Bevins, Sir Edward Boyle, Robert Carr, Joe Godber, J. E. S. Simon, Pat Hornsby-Smith, and Ted Heath, the Chief Whip (Bexley 1950). There are also Enoch Powell (no one would underrate this ex-professor); and Gerald Nabarro and Steven McAdden – real characters. From the Conservative Party view what Martin Lindsay wrote was true: 'The 1950 intake of new members was probably the most outstanding there has ever been'.

It is quite untrue to suggest that there is more lobby fodder now than in the past. A hundred years ago parliament had perhaps a dozen fashionable gladiators, men who looked like giants when they stood before the contemporary timeservers and placemen. They would not look such giants today, for now there is greater all-round competence, more members wishing to speak, more members with something to contribute. Few giants can be recognised until they are well gone into years or gone altogether. Attlee is a case in point; and who would have recognised Gaitskell's potentialities before 1948?

What of one's friends? The difficulty here is not lack of talent (too much in fact) but the problem of whom to leave out. The year 1945 was a good year for us because we reached an all-time high – a huge majority – and brought in many who had been held back by the war years. These are still the mainstay of the front bench – those who served in government. Since 1945 we have had 105 new members, and 80-odd are still in the House – with front benchers Tony Greenwood and Douglas Jay amongst them. The calibre of this group will compare with any previous intake – the quality has been maintained. There are outstanding names like Denis Healey and Sir Leslie Plummer. There are those who have been brought to the front bench on occasions with great credit, Roy Jenkins and Wedgwood Benn, and, a name lost tragically, Wilfred Fienburgh. And there are other members, such as James McColl and Ernest Thornton, outstanding in their special fields. So many, so good, that an old hand was quite staggered when I showed him the list.

Some unkind and rather silly remarks have been passed about the trade union group: 'not what they were . . . etc., etc.'. We know the difficulties and are meeting them. One of the reasons for them is that the trade unions have been adversely affected by the very educational reforms that they did so much to foster. Denis Healey and Roy Jenkins would, a generation ago, have come in as trade union candidates. From the AEU there are Austen Albu, an engineer of practical knowledge and academic distinction, and Cyril Bence, who probably knows more about machine tools than anyone among us. Harold Finch, of the Miners, is their spokesman on social insurance, and there is Ronald Williams, their legal adviser. Walter Padley, the President of USDAW, pleads (too mild a word for Walter) for the Shopworkers. Bob Mellish, the custodian of Catholicism, the dockers and the health workers, brings humour and humanity. Frank Tomney attacks like a terrier. And there is Fred Mulley, now on the National Executive, a man of character and ability. Think of his record: son of a labourer; clerk when war broke out; taken prisoner in 1940; five years behind barbed wire; and under those conditions he passed his university examinations – ending as MA, BSc, having taken first-class honours in philosophy, politics, history and economics, and when he entered the House was a Fellow of St Catherine's, Cambridge. He belongs to the National Union of Clerks and the trade union group.

The belief that what we do is vital and immediate is witnessed by Harold Hayman of Falmouth and Camborne, our only seat in Cornwall, who sacrificed 36 years' pensionable service as an education administrator to win a seat that probably could not have been won by any other. By any comparison with the past, the post-war entrants to British politics come out well as a highly competent cross-section of the people. We want more ability in the House but ability, even great ability, is not enough. In politics it must be matched by courage, integrity, loyalty, and sincerity; the sense of mission, the eager hope for a better tomorrow; the passionate belief that one's party is a band of brothers serving mighty ends. A party is nothing if it is not a fraternity; that gives one a sense of belonging. Abu'l-Ala, the Syrian, who was born 923 years after Jesus Christ and 44 before Omar Khayyam, said it all so well so many years ago:

> If I have harboured love within my breast,
> 'Twas for my comrades of the dusty day,
> Who with me watched the loitering stars at play,
> Who bore the burden of the same unrest.

When I no longer believe that, I will get out and look for something in the City.

CHARLES PANNELL

Ballad of Tiger Bay

HALF an hour before opening time, a straggle of men waited cold outside the 'Mermaid', while crumpled tram tickets blew into a bald white sea. Abdul came out of the Shipping Federation and spat on the kerb. 'No luck?' 'Bloody clerk tell me, report next month.' Unchartered tramps ride at anchor, for Cardiff has no room to berth all its idle freighters. Abdul had a dark splintery face, parents in Aden, and a Welsh intonation. Between trips he lodged with the Salvation Army, although a devout Moslem. 'I'm broad-minded,' he'd say; 'Negroes stay there; still I don't care, except if they use the bath.' He frequented the 'Mermaid' because the West Indian mob did their drinking at a rival pub, and 'Anglo-coloured', born in Cardiff, went to smarter establishments uptown.

In the saloon, Abdul cradled his glass with fingers of wire netting. 'I'll get a damn tanker in the spring. A nice holiday,' he told the stevedores thawing radish noses at the fire. Jaunty in derelict caps, they derided him: 'What about your rich uncle the Shake?' They stood him a pint; it was Friday after all. 'Five rotten quid,' said a docker with no chin, gravely nuzzling into froth, 'and they expect us to drag down there, before it's light, for to get our blob.' 'Pity they

X-ray picture

(which came out better than expected)

Twelve years ago the National Health Service Act was passed. And there was a crisis in the photographic industry. The two were not connected, but the second might well have been disastrous to the first.

Since the NHS began, radiography in this country has nearly doubled. In 1948-9 (the first year for which accurate nation-wide figures are available), 7,870,984 people were X-rayed in British hospitals. By 1956, the figure had increased to over 13,000,000. What these figures mean—in lives saved and suffering relieved—every doctor knows.

Yet in 1946, Britain faced a crippling shortage of X-ray film.

Up to that date, all the film base used over here had been imported—mostly from the dollar area. The base (cellulose triacetate to the chemist) is the most expensive ingredient, amounting to 20 per cent. of the cost of each X-ray film. And what with our dollar shortage and America's own needs increasing, the prognosis for our hospitals was gloomy.

We stopped this dollar leak. Ilford Limited, in conjunction with BX Plastics Limited and encouraged by the Ministry of Health, set up a plant at Brantham, Essex, to make film base. We had little 'know-how', but we set out to acquire it—quickly.

We had no subsidy, either. The capital cost of the plant was over £2,500,000—but in sterling. The saving in 'hard' currency, on X-ray film alone, has been something of the order of two million dollars a year.

Today, we are the only British firm making X-ray film. Ilford X-ray material is being used all over the world. There is plenty for our own hospitals, and for industry. It doesn't cost the country a dollar—contrariwise, it has begun to earn quite a few.

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dunna blob your card while you lay in bed,' jeered a coal-trimmer bent over the grate, palms upcurling like hot bacon. 'They should pay you fer sleeping.' He too lined up every day, in case the dockyard needed hands. But the coal tips which once handled 12 million tons a year, have begun to corrode. They stand like the skeletons of birds, blackened by some disaster. Soon the demolition truck will arrive. 'I'm going to Barry,' said the coal-trimmer 'they're loading anthracite.' 'Loading air,' interjected the chinless docker, 'more likely bringing in coal from America. I dunno, man . . . that's acting by economics or some crazy thing.'

A piano rattled to life in the taproom. 'It's the bad lady, for sure,' cried Abdul, gold teeth aglitter. In went a scramble of macs and mugs dribbling. Elbows hook to a mock walnut barometer which stuck at 'wet' in the last drought. 'Where *have* you been, Mrs Donkin?' asked the coal heaver archly, 'back at the old game?' There was a titter, for everyone knew Mrs D. had kept the liveliest girls in Butetown before Salvation and the welfare workers made it respectable. She wore new bootees and a scarf printed with poodles. Although half-blinded by her felt crash-helmet, Mrs Donkin played briskly, and sang too, with a mouth like a tin opener.

After some bravura in the treble, she shifted down two octaves, and they swung into 'Turn uncle's face to the wall, mum', with lewd interpolation from the barman. Then she affected a comic whine, and sang:

> They've drug out all me teeth, dear,
> and me den is up fer sale,
> The water's got into the gin, dear,
> and they've tied a can to me tail.

Who invented this lament for the moth-eaten tiger, no one could tell. But even the policeman on Bute Street felt a sneaking regret that the cosh-gangs had left ('Emigrated, they say') and dope-smuggling had been jailed out of existence. 'I remember before the war, you could buy snow on every corner,' said the policeman. 'We did our beat in pairs, then.' Solitary now, he walked up alleys dull as virtue. Their windows were blear with grime, or boarded-up to hide broken panes.

In the taproom, Mrs Donkin undid her poodle scarf, geranium cheeks flaming through the powder. 'Come on, girl,' they nudged her fat back. Under cover of the din, a small round clerk wriggled up to each elbow in turn. 'D'you want your local open on a Sunday?' giving them a pen to sign the petition. 'How much is the brew'ry paying you?' asked the coal-trimmer, suspicion staying his hand. 'I'm a volunteer, man!' piped the clerk. 'Look you,' said the trimmer, extracting a filthy card from his windcheater, 'I can drink at the club without signing no paper. P'raps you'll show it to the police.'

To avoid a dry Sunday, everyone belongs to a club. There's Boilermakers, Railwaymen, Labour or Conservative with no political implication, and regular pub prices. The little clerk almost wept. 'D'you want to join the Watch Committee, maybe?' This taunt had its effect. Mrs Donkin appended a rakish signature to the list, and Abdul wrote something from the Koran. 'Time, please,' said the barman, with his daily tap on the barometer. A grey wind flung at the pierhead, and gnawed flapping trousers, the upturned collar, empty street.

GERDA L. COHEN

What is

THE MOST IMPORTANT SINGLE FOOD WE EAT

?

It's *bread*. There are many official reports which confirm this view. Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet. Yet we take it for granted.

Doctors and scientists have given the proof that bread is one of the most nutritious foods you can buy. The most recent Domestic Food Consumption Report* says bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1 *than any other single food.*

Penny for penny, bread is the best food value you can buy. By any standard it's a superb food.

Make sure your family eats *plenty*. Let them have it at its best—good and fresh!

**National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) and earlier years, published by H.M.S.O. In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.*

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU
21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The Arts and Entertainment

The Fate of Sadler's Wells

NEAR-CRISIS between crises seems now to be the normal state of existence for opera companies all over the world. Sometimes the trouble is the lack of a suitable musical or general artistic director; more often, it is simply lack of money. Opera in Britain is currently facing its worst crisis since the war. To put it in rather dramatic terms, the Arts Council has drawn up, and the Sadler's Wells Trust has acquiesced in, a proposal to destroy that one of our national companies – the very one which is most important to the country as a whole.

The proposal, briefly, is that the Sadler's Wells and Carl Rosa Operas should be merged into a single company, which would play a short London season next spring, but spend most of its time on the road taking opera to the provinces. The news broke last weekend. Norman Tucker, Alexander Gibson and Stephen Arlen, director, musical director and general manager of Sadler's Wells, resigned in protest; on the other hand, Sir Donald Wolfit, Chairman of the Carl Rosa Trust, roundly declared himself not dissatisfied with the scheme (as well he might, for the Carl Rosa has only to gain by it). The public was presented with a *fait* not quite *accompli*. But this was only the third and worst of three possible solutions. Before considering its implications, the other two should be stated.

Four months ago, Mr Tucker drew up what we might call Scheme A, for the amalgamation, or rather partnership, of the Sadler's Wells and Carl Rosa companies, and the Carl Rosa thoroughly approved it. Sadler's Wells was to continue as a metropolitan company complementary to Covent Garden, with a repertory composed largely of the smaller works well suited to the house, plus a certain amount of Puccini, Verdi and even Wagner, since (i) these are 'breadwinning' operas, which the public wants to see, and (ii) singers need them for the development of their careers. The repertory would be carefully geared so as not to conflict with Covent Garden. There would be scope for adventurous new productions – Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Janacek's *Cunning Little Vixen* have been mentioned – and also perhaps for some large-scale operas which would not otherwise be seen. Sadler's Wells would leave *Aida, Rigoletto, Don Carlos* and so on to Covent Garden, and would also shed its *Cav and Pag* and *Trovatore*. Meanwhile, the Carl Rosa would tour a basically popular repertory, and bring it to Sadler's Wells for a limited season. This scheme would use to maximum effect the pool of singers, players and productions available to the two present companies, and it would get the London repertory right for the first time since the war.

It foundered for lack of money. The estimated cost was £235,000 a year, and the Arts Council could offer only £215,000, of which £205,000 was for operational use, the rest being required to reduce the companies' overdrafts (these are fairly heavy, the Sadler's Wells one being about £45,000). So Scheme B was evolved, which was to disband the Carl Rosa but to maintain Sadler's Wells at strength, and increase the present eighteen weeks it spends on tour to 16-20 weeks. This was turned down because the Arts Council considered anything less than 30 weeks (five months!) of touring inacceptable. And so for lack of £20-30,000 the organisations were driven back on the odious Scheme C.

The fate of Sadler's Wells turns first on £20-30,000 and, second, on the matter of touring. If the government – or any other body – could produce this comparatively small sum and guarantee it for about three years, then Scheme A would be practicable again: Sadler's Wells would be preserved, the provinces would have their opera, and standards of repertory and of performance could rise. If it is not forthcoming, then we must weigh the merits of Schemes B and C. B is a compromise with the money available: Sadler's Wells is saved, the provinces have rather less opera, and the Carl Rosa is sacrificed to the general good. C involves the destruction of the established company, the impoverishment of repertory, the dismissal of about 200 employees, and much else besides. What can be said in its favour?

The Arts Council maintains that since its money comes from the whole country, then the whole country should share in its benefits. It has, in effect, decided – let us hope not irrevocably – for the lowered standards of a touring company so that ten towns may enjoy a week of opera they would not otherwise have, while London is deprived of its second, and more useful, permanent company – this at a time when Covent Garden is planning to cut down the number of opera performances. Scheme C is represented as a 'holding operation,' from which two companies may one day again emerge.

But Sadler's Wells, in general terms since 1931 and more particularly during the last ten years, has built up a living, keenly functioning organisation which cannot be disbanded and then reformed with the ease of a touring troupe. Its admirable record does not need restating here. But these factors should be weighed: Mr Tucker has shown himself the only person in this country capable of building up and running an efficient permanent opera company, giving it that personal guidance and stamp so sadly lacking at Covent Garden. He can hold good singers at a relatively low salary, because in London wireless, television and concert engagements are available to them (and most of them have expressed themselves as unwilling to go out on the road). New productions can be efficiently rehearsed only in the stable conditions of a company with a base. Young singers can be trained and developed only within a framework such as Sadler's Wells provides. The Opera School was planning to work closely with the company.

It seems inconceivable that Sadler's Wells should be allowed to die. And if £30,000 really cannot be raised, then is it not better that ten provincial towns should suffer for a year or two, so that the others – and British opera as a whole – may enjoy the higher standards of performance and repertory which only a Sadler's Wells company operating from Sadler's Wells can provide?

ANDREW PORTER

Adolescents

MISS ANN JELLICOE'S *The Sport of My Mad Mother* won the third prize in last year's *Observer* competition, and it is the first of the prize-winners to be produced. It is now in the repertory of the English Stage Company, alternating week by week with *Epitaph for George Dillon*. Mr Devine, the director of the theatre, introduces it as 'an experiment in dramatic style on a contemporary and meaningful theme' and recommends us to follow it 'not so much as a story told or argument presented, but as a poetic exposition of a certain world'. And Mr Kenneth Tynan, the head of the *Observer's* selection board, warns us off going to the other extreme and dismissing it as 'outmoded German expressionism'.

All this is rather daunting, but the beginning of Miss Jellicoe's play is less heavy than this suggests. She is attempting to evoke the world of adolescence in a modern city setting, and she succeeds by a variety of wholly acceptable non-naturalistic devices. The two boys and girls go through their motions of boredom, swagger, funk, hate; they seem to exist in some limbo of unformed fantasy, without any specific myth to give their fantasy shape: they are filled with an undirected aggression for which their setting provides no outlet; they are waiting for something or someone to provide them with some reason—any reason at all – for doing the next thing. And since there is nothing in the ethos of contemporary life to provide this reason, they seize on any – even the slightest – pretext for galvanising themselves into some activity. These spasmodic bursts of action Miss Jellicoe works up very well; most of them – since the aggression in these children has gone sour for want of using – are acts of cruelty or violence. Sometimes they break into a spontaneous dance, but more often they turn on each other, or persecute the local half-wit, or, in the most sustained sequence of this first half, set on a clean-cut, clean-limbed young American who is wandering round their city streets, 'innocently' trying to find the reason for their state of mind.

These staccato outbursts may be accompanied by a young man on the forestage with a set of drums, and the dialogue is vibrant and taut, but as repetitive, too, and as banal as the lyrics of their favourite songs. So, Miss Jellicoe does succeed in giving us intensely and vividly an image of the world she wishes to portray: and it is not difficult to follow her exposition of it so far. It is what she does with it once it is evoked that both puzzles and, frankly, disappoints. We move deeper into a world of symbols which have, I suppose, some private, but not enough public, meaning. A brilliant, vital young creature with blood coloured hair comes in proclaiming herself an Australian (the Life Force, explains the programme); she is the leader of the gang to which the youths belong, but having got herself a child in the belly by the leader of an opposing gang, is abandoning the leadership of her own and dedicating herself (are we meant to gather from her postures?) to the pure pleasure of fertility. Now all this seems to be unnecessarily muddled and unworked out. For, you see, the plain fact is that, in spite of Mr Devine's note, Miss Jellicoe has at this point slipped in a story, and has, quite simply, told it very badly. Nor is this the only muddle point. She also throws in the garlic of yet another style. There are 'alienation effects' – asides to the electrician off-stage working the lights, direct appeals to the audience and so on.

The play – and this is one of its strengths – gives its young cast a very large opportunity for the kind of acting that ordinarily our actors get little practice in, the kind of acting which is nearer mime, and I very much admired their performances. They used their bodies as well as their voices most expressively. Miss Wendy Craig did everything that could be done with her odd, wild Australian (why Australian?) bacchante, Greta; Mr Jerry Stovin, who had the ungrateful role of American innocence in the first half, responded admirably to the more exacting second act variation when his sweet reasonableness receives a jolt from Greta; and the rest of the company were aptly chosen and highly competent. Altogether, while one welcomes the spirit of experiment which has put this play on, one cannot help being disappointed that nothing more fully fledged and matured has yet offered itself to the English Stage Company. I should have thought the play, promising rather than achieved, more suitable for their Sunday night 'plays without decor' than for full-scale public presentation.

T. C. WORSLEY

An Immortal Progress

AN exhibition of 18 etchings by Peter Peri, illustrating *Pilgrim's Progress*, has just opened at the St. George's Gallery. Etched illustrations of Bunyan! Does that suggest nineteenth-century volumes of collected sermons and Sunday schools with all the light of the afternoon banished? If so, nothing can be a less appropriate introduction to Peri's art. These etchings (which also include the techniques of aquatint, mezzotint, engraving and relief etching) are not in the usual sense of the word illustrations at all. Peri has simply taken Bunyan's symbols – as other artists have taken those of the Old Testament – in order to express his own broad and profoundly contemporary experience of life. For him there is no dividing line between the truths revealed by Bunyan and, say, the truths revealed by Dostoevsky, Kafka or Gorky.

THE SCOTSMAN

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We have always believed in extending to our readers the right, enjoyed by newspapers in this country, to form their own opinions. We print all the facts. We express our opinion – objectively. And our readers make up their own minds. They may not always agree with us, but there are surprisingly few of those letters which start "Sir, I shall never read your paper again . . ." Or maybe it is not so surprising. A paper such as THE SCOTSMAN with an objective attitude towards facts naturally attracts similar minds in its readers. People capable of seeing more than one side of a subject – who respect honesty and accuracy as much as they appreciate good writing. YOUR sort of people. Will you join them? It costs very little to enjoy this stimulating company.

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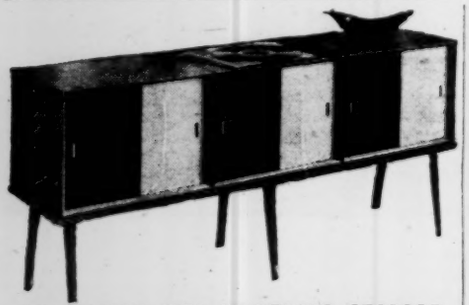
Peri is primarily a sculptor and so it is not surprising that his attitude as an engraver and etcher is similar to Mantegna's. Yet his vision is not pseudo-Renaissance. Like both medieval and modern artists, he uses multiple perspectives instead of a single one, and a dual scale – the important figures are large, the less important small. Nevertheless his masterly austerity remains reminiscent of Mantegna. The aquatint blacks may be very rich but every line defines and states a form: in fact, for twentieth-century works (and Peri was once an abstract sculptor) these are most unusually *finished*. They vibrate only on the far side of their meaning; the side nearest to us is as challenging in its clarity as an open face.

Of the eighteen plates only three, by comparison with the others, fail in intensity – particularly the one of *Vanity Fair*. The five greatest – I used the word advisedly – imprint images that are unforgettable. There is the Pilgrim setting out, like a man leaving prison, advancing into the Bedfordshire landscape which is as free and airy as the idea of it must have been to Bunyan lying in gaol. There is the Pilgrim facing an imposing classical building, the entrance to which is guarded by two ferocious animals – the peasant before the bureaucrat's door. There is the Pilgrim in gaol himself, each separate stone of the walls hitting him between the eyes so that he must begin to count them calmly to make them recede again into their proper place. There is the Pilgrim (but might he not now be called a man of our time?) being shown by the light of the Inspector's flare the cell-like compartments of a modern city. There is the man pushing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the white shadow he casts being his own skeleton, his pursuers his own 'mind-forged manacles'. Indeed Blake is apt. For these also are works of Innocence and Experience, based on the conviction that 'grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas'. Also all of them, except the last, describe suffering and indomitability, and no one has explained this paradox better than Blake.

It is difficult not to make Peri's work sound too literary. The problem is that one is describing works which, although they use purely visual means, embody a man's comments on life, and these comments are so human and so direct that one takes the means for granted. And so, I imagine, does Peri himself. These are very unselfconscious works. Nowhere can you prise the technique away from its purpose. The slightly sullied white of relief-etching is automatically used for the white of a skeleton. The engraved cross-hatching round the form of a figure becomes also a description of his clothes, folds and drawing lines become one. Perspective becomes the visual continuation of the protagonist's gaze, of his hopes. In the plate called the *Death of Faithful*, two horses, pulling a cart in which the corpse slumps, rear forward and up into the sky, so that, although they are full of energy and movement, the bodies of these horses hang huge and suspended in the middle of the print rather like carcasses in a butcher's shop. As one looks at them, one's eye is led by the thousands of lines bitten into the copper, from the single hind hoof on the ground, up round the rump, along the backbone with the flanks falling away on either side, round the twisted neck with the mane blown sideways like grass in a hurricane, between the lying-back ears over the skull's protrudence, to the bared teeth that touch the sky. In other words the etched lines and bitten black shapes which describe these horses also chart and describe one's only possible reaction to them.

There are no conventions in Peri's art, and in this sense only he is an unsophisticated artist. The impression of the subject on the artist's mind appears to be identical to the impression on the copper plate: the acid and the burin appear to be the direct agents of emotion and imagination. And it is this unity, even more than Peri's inventiveness and technical mastery, which convinces me that these are works which will last. All publishers and others who do not wish to be shamed by history should visit this exhibition.

JOHN BERGER



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Wooing the Welsh

THE Welsh, who sometimes complain of the overlaying of their national culture and language by the English, are receiving plenty of attention just now from the television rivals. A recent epidemic of BBC programmes with Welsh themes is attributed by the BBC mainly to St David's Day; but the new commercial company, TWW – Television Wales and the West – has been broadcasting for some five weeks only, and competition to attract the new viewers is clearly keen. The increase in their numbers is regarded as satisfactory: in the area chiefly aimed at, there are now 225,000 sets compared with 191,000 when TWW began. The BBC claims, however – with a hint that Welsh cultural standards are more elevated than English – to be getting a larger share of viewers-with-a-choice in Wales than in England. Elevated or not, it is also assumed that skiffle will be acceptable in the land of *Cwm Rhondda*: on March 22 *Six-five Special* moves to Barry, Glamorganshire. Granada, too, is wooing the Welsh with special programmes. (The only difficulty so far has been technical, or rather geographical: reception is poor in parts of Bristol. This, say TWW, is 'due to the terrain: the transmitter is working very well, but here and there it gives a bad signal because of the hills'. The remedy: huge, expensive aerials.)

Nor are these solicitations confined to the Welsh in Wales. It is estimated that there are 200,000 Welsh people in the greater London area (and, of course, many more scattered throughout England). How many of these are actually Welsh-speaking is moot; but it is now thought worth while to put out programmes in Welsh on both national networks every Sunday. The BBC has been doing this for the last two weeks, providing a lunch-time miscellany which clutters up the *Radio Times* with such (to the rest of us) uncouth locutions as O FON I FYNWY *Cylchgrawn Gwyl Ddewi . . . Y cyfarwyddo gan Nan Davies*.

Last Sunday this included a visit to the moors of mid-Wales, an interview with a boy on a farm who goes to a school at which there is only one other boy, and a recital by a tenor: 'not entertainment in the English sense', said a superior Welsh *émigré*, 'but *we* like it.' Next Sunday the ITV network will carry its first Welsh-language programme, from 6.15 to 7 p.m. (again closing the Evensong gap): as it is called *Land of Song*, I suspect that a similar comment would apply; I don't want to seem uncultured or unkind, and the making of their own music has notably enriched the life of the Welsh people, but some English viewers may have been getting a little tired, these last few weeks, of a succession of magnificent but identical-looking choirs.

One of these choirs (never, for some reason, singing anything but the well-known hymn-tune Bryn Calfaria) cropped up now and then last Tuesday night, as a background effect, in a BBC dramatised documentary, *Black Furrow*, written by Miss Elaine Morgan, herself the daughter of a long-unemployed Welsh miner. This was the most successful treatment I have yet seen of the familiar, and not only Welsh, clash between local tradition and amenity and a big industrial project – in this case, opencast mining – with its attendant bureaucracy. The fierce pride of the Councillor dying of silicosis, his resentful suspicion of those who get coal in this new-fangled way (on a site on which his Council had hoped to build a new technical school), and the horror of discovering that an old friend's son is earning such good money on the opencast that he hasn't bothered to join the Union: these true emotions were authentically conveyed. So was the deepest internal conflict of all – that felt by men who were proud of having created the National Coal Board yet now found themselves helplessly up against 'the men with briefcases'. The various points of view were put with complete fairness, but without that artificial 'impartiality' which inhibits some BBC programmes: there was no pretence, for instance, that the ward meeting at the Institute (with that choir still at it in one room, and the young chaps at billiards in another) was a meeting of any other than the Labour Party – how could it be, in a Welsh mining village?

The Labour Party itself had a go on television a bit later the same evening. Fortunately for the parties, party political broadcasts go out simultaneously on both channels, and therefore do not have to meet what might be serious competition. This one, done live from a hall in Buckinghamshire, with Mr Tom Williams and others answering questions on agriculture and rural life, showed that we are gradually learning to relax and

to take risks: the more we can do this, and the less obvious the party plugs, the more effective our television propaganda will be.

Overlapping is steadily becoming a more harassing problem for the viewer or reviewer with only two eyes and one set. Every critic in the land has now implored the BBC and ITV to end that stupid and maddening overlap between the Sunday-night plays. Last Sunday it was at its worst: *Amphitryon 38* was enchanting, set in a really stately Theban palace and admirably acted by Googie Withers, Alec Clunes and Patrick Barr; but its last 25 minutes coincided with the start of Mr Ludovic Kennedy's *Murder Story*, an almost unfairly poignant play, based on the Bentley case, in which, again, there was a remarkable piece of acting, by Neil McCallum; and then I had to keep switching between this and *Monitor*, only two items in which were strong enough to keep me for long from the death-cell – a sharp discussion of the popular press and Mr Michael Ayrton on Georges de la Tour. On Monday the fabulous Ukrainian dancers clashed with *Panorama* (but they can be seen, at greater length, on the BBC on March 18). On Tuesday, again, everything clashed – *Black Furrow*, Sister Rosetta Tharpe ('the hot gospeller with a guitar') in *Chelsea at Nine*, and Mr Henry Reed's extremely funny literary satire, *A Hedge, Backwards*, on the Third: if one watched TV for long enough, evolution might oblige with that third eye.

TOM DRIBERG

Death and the Knight

THERE can be no two opinions about Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*, a film that rises to its high theme in a grand manner. That theme is man's dread of mortality and effort to transcend it. When Death stalks the land, in a plague-stricken dark age thronging with angels and devils, might not some knight back from an empty crusade confront him on a shore, challenge him to a chess-match, less in the hope of defeating him, than of gaining his confidence?

So Bergman, who both wrote and directed the film, presumes. He has no doubts as a film-maker. A hawk hovers motionless in a blank sky; inert, on the shore, lie knight and squire. The knight wakes and sees Death, an incalculable cowled figure. A chess-board is ready. The game begins – with Death, suitably, picking black. It will not end till the knight has mingled with many lives, found some happy and more tortured, among strolling players, inn folk, bands of flagellants, a witch burned at the stake, before he reaches home and his pursuer claims the winning move.

Obviously, to achieve drama on this level is a considerable feat; and no visitor to the Academy Cinema will doubt the achievement for a moment. The adventure terribly convinces, time and place (14th-century Sweden) are made palpable, and all the characters in a God-tormented age variously engaged in the one quest. The knight stares into the witch-girl's eyes, hoping to see there the devil: proof of God. Beside him, his squire sings bawdy, cuts a throat when need be, and is resolutely sceptic. Others flee from the wrath, or crawl towards it with self-inflicted torture. One clown has a radiant vision of the Virgin and hears angels' wings; he is the only one, except the knight, to see Death. His simple happiness survives. All these people, as in Langland's 'field of folk', are live individuals and not only the world in a microcosm: the acting – especially of Max von Sydow and Bengt Ekerot as Knight and Death – remarkably serves both realism and drama at a high pitch. We are – need I add? – left vaguely aware of the atom bomb poised over our own enlightened times, and of our refusal even to take it seriously.

Yet while the lesson is there, I can't say it's really brought home to me; and much though I admire and appreciate the film's stresses, I didn't enjoy it as wholeheartedly as I might have done. No doubt I have a blind spot where doom, devils, torture, witches and witch-hunts, and salvation are concerned. Bergman doesn't wallow in these, and looking back I detect little in his drama that isn't well built and forcibly realised. The screen has known no morality that thrusts further. If its exultance leaves me standing outside, not even quite throwing in my lot with the stoically frank squire, no doubt that is my loss. I shall go back.

This has dwarfed other films: Cinerama, for example, in its third instalment, hardly having advanced an inch except for abandoning speed-boats. *Seven Wonders of the World* (London Casino) sweeps us in a plane over four continents, over mountains, deserts, cities, and falls, and on the wing rarely fails. Its touchings-down are often picturesque and banal (Japan: dancing girls in a garden). Its commentary, by Lovell Thomas, plunges straight for the depths of travelogue. 'Fair lady,' he booms to the Statue of Liberty, 'so long'; and his greeting of two skirted soldiers in the Parthenon has already gone the round of dinner-tables, 'could they be Plato and Socrates?' Still, what better medium for seeing King Saud ('million dollars a *day*') step into his car, or for riding on a runaway train at Darjeeling? And I suppose one should be grateful for big things.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM

SIR,—For 25 years I have been one of those whom Mr Mikardo describes as the 'activists in each constituency Labour Party who keep the Labour Party alive and propagate its politics'—and for the most part I have done this in a predominantly Tory area.

During the whole of this time I have watched left-wing splinter groups rise and fall with monotonous regularity, from the Socialist League to Victory for Socialism. With much of Mr Mikardo's diagnosis I agree: with his remedy, I do not.

The Labour movement is already over-organised. There are the TUC, the unions, the trades councils, trades council federations, federations of unions, on the industrial side; the Labour Party, constituency parties, the Fabian Society and a number of specialised groupings, such as the Socialist Medical Association, on the political side; the Co-operative Union, Co-operative Party, local Co-operatives and guilds on the co-operative side. Do we really need another organisation of *any* kind? It is difficult enough in some places to keep the existing ones ticking over. When I find myself offered some brand-new organisation to give people like me 'a new sense of participation in the destiny of their party', it is rather like giving a starving man a new suit of clothes.

But, of course, the whole business is worse even than this for it is surely clear enough that, to dispirited and frustrated Tories, every splinter group in the Labour Party is like manna from heaven. It gives them just what they have been waiting for—a chance to depict, distort, exaggerate and exploit the divisions in the Labour movement and to forget, if only for a short while, such unpleasant realities as the impending effects of the Rent Act, Mr Selwyn Lloyd and the 49th State.

Victory for Socialism, whatever the ideals and intentions of its sponsors, may indeed turn out to be victory for Toryism instead. For that reason, there will be many active Labour Party members beside myself who want none of it and who know by now that highly publicised new unofficial organisations are no substitute for the things that are needed to bring real victory for the Socialist cause.

J. STEWART COOK

Osborne Road
Windsor

SIR,—Ian Mikardo's letter could have been directed to me personally, it contains such an accurate analysis of my feelings towards the Labour Party. I am one of the people who trudge round with leaflets and collect sixpences for draws and turn out on foggy nights for monthly constituency meetings. But, since the Brighton conference, all these activities, willingly undertaken, have become chores, their purpose no longer clear but obscured.

I shall attend the inaugural meeting of Victory for Socialism hoping to find a new vigour and sanity springing within the party. And I would stress 'within', for the Labour Party is still to most of us the voice of the people, our voice. Just because it is our voice we want it to be clear and strong, and the Executive is very wrong in thinking that the structure of the party can be hurt by Victory for Socialism, which seeks to express our thoughts and actions, to the ultimate benefit of all within the party.

ANNE LOBSTEIN

Jordans
Beaconsfield

THE BOMB

SIR,—Heartened by Rochdale, the new-founded organisation for nuclear disarmament and the response which that seems to have evoked already amongst ordinary men and women, I have found one small personal initiative for sanity which, multiplied, might snowball to significance.

I have voted Socialist all my life; as rank-and-filer, parliamentary candidate, and for a short time a mem-

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COOKS

ber of parliament, I have for years worked for the Labour Party, and will continue to do so. But the issues of nuclear armament, massive deterrents and their like, dwarf and transcend all narrower party issues.

I have informed my MP, my constituency Labour Party, and the prospective Labour candidate that at the next general election my vote will be cast for whichever candidate, of any party or none, who as a matter of conscience pledges himself to work for nuclear disarmament and all it implies, and to abstain from supporting any measures furthering atomic armament.

EDWARD MOERAN

123 Station Road
Edgware

THE MODERN CHURCH

SIR,—It was good to read in the NEW STATESMAN the article by Barbara Castle which shows the church in South Africa as leading the attack on the government's apartheid policy. It was good because so often I have been perplexed by the rather sneering and superior attitude adopted towards the church by the NEW STATESMAN—an attitude reminiscent of the old-fashioned rationalism of yesterday rather than of the facts of the church today.

Whatever may have been the past record of the church, its record for the past few decades has been very much in accordance with true progress, if by that term progress we mean 'that which contributes to the full development of the personality of man, body, and mind and spirit'. By that definition the church has a proud record for it has stood by the true freedom and integrity of man; fought against injustice and tyranny, and upheld the highest standards of morality and purposeful living. Instances of this are many: the resistance made by many of the clergy, Roman Catholic and Protestant, to both Hitlerism and Communism: the evidence given by Barbara Castle of the resistance to apartheid in South Africa—here it is the church and no political party which takes the lead: the enlightened support of the Wolfenden report publicly given by many dignitaries of the church—no leading Socialist has dared to give such support: most of the support for relief of world poverty and the refugee aid societies comes from Christian groups. I find most of the protest against nuclear tests comes also from Christian groups: also the stand taken against the de-personalisation of sex in AID and against the sloppy view of life which often leads to divorce and broken homes with its attendant tragedy. I would, therefore, ask your journal, as a progressive journal of high standards, to see the church as it is today rather than as it was yesterday. The strongest opponent of Communism and capitalism in safeguarding the dignity of man will not be some academic existentialist like Ayer, capable of being understood only by a few within university walls, nor some rather wishy-washy humanist, usually the first to go under when tyranny arrives (Germany was full of these when Hitler came to power!), nor some modern prophet of despair like Anouilh, Miller or Russell, who offers only the stoic dignity of despair and death rather than purpose to life, but the Christian who believes in man, not for what he is in himself—those who make a God out of man end by de-personalising him—but for what he is to God: a son of God for whom Christ died: so all men are brothers in Christ and must in all life be treated as such—with all respect for their fullest development.

It is the Christian gospel which today stands for true progress simply because it has a true view of man and has respect for the individual before all else. If your journal believes in progress it should support, not sneer at, the Christian church if it wishes to see this world saved from destruction and despair.

D. A. RHYMES

All Saints' Vicarage
New Eltham

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LIBERALS IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—In your issue of 15 February, Barbara Castle, writing about a 'predominantly white' conference called by the Institute of Race Relations in South Africa, says that 'probably most people in the room had risked imprisonment by selling flags for the treason trial fund or taking part in the defiance campaign.'

Agreed that there are far more liberal whites in South Africa than in Rhodesia; but let's not exaggerate. There's nothing illegal about collecting money for the defence fund: and even so, the amount collected in South Africa has been very disappointing compared to contributions from Britain and America. As for the defiance campaign, seven white people took part in it. If more liberals had joined it, they would now be much more trusted by the African Congress than they are. Liberalism in South Africa is certainly becoming a stronger force; but it still stops short of identification with the African front.

ANTHONY SAMPSON

43 Sydney Street, SW3

CENTRAL AFRICAN ELECTORAL BILL

SIR,—We want the British public to know that all Africa stands together against the stage-by-stage consolidation of white dominance in Central Africa. It is on this issue—the imposition of Federation against the wishes of the people, the hasty revision of the constitution to the disadvantage of the Africans, and the easily foreseeable measures that will follow to use the advantages gained—that the people of Africa are first to show their unity against Britain's double-dealing and denial of the democratic ideals for which we once admired her.

The settler communities with their insistence on retaining, without consultation or social contact with the people, all positions of power, wealth and influence, are doing the Commonwealth a poor service. The development of Africa might have brought the most friendly relationships between British teachers and technicians and the African peoples. It has turned to hatred when land, power and exploitation motivate all action. We should like to call a halt, review the situation and begin again on wiser lines. Will the people of Britain, please, tell their government that that is also their wish?

Meanwhile we thank you, Sir, for your paper's sympathetic understanding of what is being done in Central Africa.

A. K. MAYANJA
Uganda National Congress
L. LUBOWA
Uganda Association
O. S. KAMBONA
Tanganyika Students' Association
M. C. MAINZA
South African Students' Association
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Kenya Students' Association
THEO IWAJOMO
Nigeria Union of Great Britain and Ireland
O. E. CHIRWA
East and Central African Students' Study Circle
A. BASHORUN
West African Students' Union

THE KENYA COUNCIL OF STATE

SIR,—While you compared, in your issue of 22 February, the composition of the African Affairs Board in Central African Federation with that of the proposed Council of State in Kenya, I wish you compared also the functions of these two bodies.

While the African Affairs Board is to prevent new legislation discriminatory against the African (though even in that the British government have killed the purpose of the Board by unjustly rejecting the Board's complaints), the Council of State is primarily for trying to prevent any legislation coming against racial privileges presently enjoyed by the immigrant races, especially the European, on the pretext of racial discriminatory legislation.

K. P. SHAH

Nairobi

JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—I read with great interest Mr E. Litvinoff's letters which throw considerable light on some of the methods used by the Soviet authorities engaged in the spiritual genocide of the largest Jewish community in Europe. Anti-Semitic discrimination is one of the main factors in the liquidation of Judaism in the USSR and Mr Pat Sloan's attempt to question the existence of this discrimination is anything but convincing.

To start with, many of the so-called 'Jews' who still occupy important administrative or scientific posts in the Soviet Union are Jews only in the sense in which the word was used in Hitler's Nuremberg Laws. In fact, most of them—Ilya Ehrenburg is a case in point—have severed all religious, cultural and national links with their ancestral faith. Sometimes, for propaganda purposes, they are presented as Jews, although in private they do not conceal their contempt for Judaism. In other words they are as much Jewish as Mr Krushchev is Christian. On the other hand, a practising Jew cannot hope to obtain any important job at all.

The nature of Soviet anti-Semitism needs some explanation. Many people seem to think that anti-Semitism is basically a form of racial discrimination; and, as the *official* anti-Jewish manifestations in the USSR are political, people conclude that Soviet 'Jewish policy' is not anti-Semitic. The regime's anti-Jewish measures are sometimes presented as part and parcel of a comprehensive centralist policy directed against all religious or national minorities. Of course, it does not follow that Soviet policy is not anti-Jewish because it is also anti-Catholic. Official persecution can preserve a specific character even when it is not directed exclusively against one particular section of society.

Now, the specific character of Soviet anti-Semitism—or at least one of its facets—was expressed in no uncertain terms by Lenin:

Jewish national culture is the slogan of the

rabbis and bourgeois, the slogan of our enemies. Anyone who puts forward directly or indirectly the slogan of Jewish national culture is . . . an enemy of the proletariat . . . an accomplice of rabbis and bourgeois. (*Critical Notes on the National Problem*, Sochinenyia, Vol. 17, p. 141.)

It is highly significant that whilst other minorities in the USSR are permitted to keep some of their national culture, and to learn something about their national history, Soviet Jewry is denied even these elementary rights.

LIONEL BLOCH

105 Hamilton Terrace
NW8

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE

SIR,—I would like to add my plea to that made by Mrs A. J. Whitehouse in 'The Circumlocution Office', for cases of possibly wrongful certification to be brought into court.

In '*Medical Negligence*' by Lord Nathan and Barraclough, the authors write: 'It may be said that in no sphere is a doctor's duty to make a careful and skilful examination of more moment than when the purpose is to decide a patient's soundness of mind. Failure to comply with that duty resulting in unjustified detention of the patient, . . . examining doctor liable for damages'.

Unfortunately, as Mrs Whitehouse and no doubt others have found, that is not so in practice. Psychiatrists enjoy, besides an aura of omniscience, an immunity from the law which is altogether unhealthy and inevitably leads to serious abuses, considering that even psychiatrists are human and fallible. The consequences, in terms of ruined human lives, are as serious as the failure to remove a swab from inside a patient's body after an operation, if not more so, and psychiatrists ought to be held as accountable for their actions as other members of the medical profession.

In view of the inadequacy of the law, it is surprising that bodies like the National Association for Mental Health or the National Council for Civil Liberties, whom one might justifiably expect to be concerned about wrongful certifications, do not consider such matters within their province. They certainly ought to be within somebody's province, as Mrs Whitehouse urges.

There seems to be a closed-minded complacency pervading all quarters where wrongful certification is concerned, despite claims at being enlightened. It is surely not sufficient for the press to publicise a particularly shocking case and then to consign the whole problem to limbo, together with the report of the Royal Commission.

FORMER PATIENT

NO EXPERT DEFENDER

SIR,—I should like to comment briefly on Tom Driberg's account of Dr Bronowski's television programme on the 11+ examination, in which I took part. Mr Driberg refers to me as an 'expert defender' of the 11+ examination. This ascribes to me a role that I have never assumed. The statistics quoted by Dr Bronowski were derived from a recently published report of the National Foundation for Educational Research (*Admission to Grammar Schools*, Alfred Yates and D. A. Pidgeon, Newnes Educational Publishing Co., Ltd, 1957). The Foundation has been concerned to evaluate the effectiveness of the 11+ examination, and to that end has carried out controlled follow-up studies for a number of years. The extent to which the results of our inquiries serve to justify or condemn the examination is for others to decide. Our purpose was to furnish our members—local education authorities, teachers' organisations and universities—with objective evidence.

D. A. PIDGEON
Officer-in-Charge
Test Services
National Foundation for Educational Research
79 Wimpole Street
W1

SYMBOLIC EQUATIONS

SIR,—I am sorry to take up space again, but I cannot see what is the 'point of fact' on which Mr Wilson is answering me. I do not dispute that Yeats read Porphyry, nor, I hope, will Mr Wilson dispute that he read a great many other authors. These are facts. I was not suggesting that Yeats's symbol of the honey bees 'has a source in Swift.' My original point was that so many poets have written of bees as symbols of various virtues that neither Yeats, nor his readers, can be confined to what bees signify in Porphyry. My second point was that Mr Wilson's equation 'bees equal the souls of the just', which he derived from reading Porphyry, was inadequate. I mentioned Swift because his contrast between the spider who 'by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom' and the bee, who 'ranging through every corner of Nature' furnishes mankind with 'the two noblest things, which are *sweetness* and *light*', is consistent with the contrast Yeats is making between the arrogance and brutality which arise from obsession with fantasies and the virtue of the 'honey bees'. I was not proposing a source, although I cannot believe that Yeats was not familiar with this very famous fable.

Mr Wilson now provides an apt parallel from *The Celtic Twilight*, relevant because it contains the idea of 'truth', which is the opposite of 'fantasies', and supplies a phrase 'intellectual sweetness', which is also acceptable as a contrast to the brutality of the heart. But neither of these concepts were contained in the 'meaning' which he supplied in his book. He now writes as if 'justice', 'truth', 'wisdom', and 'intellectual sweetness' were interchangeable, one word as good as any other. This is my complaint against him. He has no sense of the values of words and this, to my mind, disqualifies him as an interpreter of poetry. But I should like to repeat that I am very grateful for the background of reference which he has provided and anyone who writes about Yeats in future will be his debtor.

HELEN GARDNER

St Hilda's College
Oxford

SOVIET ENGLISH STUDIES

SIR,—We have received a request from a Soviet specialist on English literature for help with a study she is making of the Romantic poets. It is best explained in her own words: 'I am working on a book on *The Heritage of English Romanticism Today*—it is to be a series of studies of the major poets—Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Byron and Shelley. It would be most valuable for me to establish—even approximately—what the present popularity of these poets is among English young people—do they read them and like them?—and how they are dealt with in the schools, too. Even the most dog-eared textbooks (still used in schools) would be things of great price to me, so that I could get some idea of how the work of these poets is treated'. I wonder if any of your readers would care to help our correspondent—either at first hand or through our Society—giving her, as she puts it, 'the benefit of their opinion on the extent to which the heritage of the great English Romantics is still a living thing (even if only potentially).' Opinions and material can be sent direct to Mrs A. Elistratova, c/o The Foreign Commission, The Union of Soviet Writers, ul. Vorovskogo 52, Moscow, or Society for Cultural Relations, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

H. C. LEIGHTON
Society for Cultural Relations *Secretary*

SNOPES ON THE MARCH

SIR,—I have never made the statement—which seems to me silly—attributed to me by Mr Walter Allen in his review in your issue of 1 February, that William Faulkner has 'genius without talent'.

EDMUND WILSON

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PUBLIC MEETINGS

HORNSEY
Tuesday, March 11th, 7.30 p.m.
Hornsey Town Hall
TED BEDFORD — ALEX COMFORT
JAMES CAMERON — GEORGE DOUGHTY
CANON COLLINS — PHILIP TOYNBEE

ORPINGTON
Tuesday, March 11th, 8 p.m.
The Village Hall, Orpington
The Rt. Rev. BISHOP MANN
STUART MORRIS
Dr. D. G. ARNOTT

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Idealist's Progress

CARICATURE is a subversive art. It attacks the manners, the representatives, the power, of established orders. Exactly where caricature ends and comic illustration begins is difficult to define, as is also the dividing line between caricature and certain modern Expressionist works. Yet to quibble too much about this is to become academic. We have a vast body of European work dating from the sixteenth century onwards, which everyone has agreed to call caricature. Before the invention of printing, caricature, in our modern sense of the word, was impossible because the artist was unable specifically to address an underprivileged or fractional public.

Caricature is also a subversive art in another sense. Because its means of expression are often fantastic, grotesque and savage, it was, before twentieth-century surrealism, the one art which could be created uninhibitedly. Thus, caricature frequently reveals not only the aspirations of the underprivileged, but also those of the unconscious. It was reasonable that the late F. D. Klingender, who was the best scholar on the subject in England, should have been that rare combination – a Marxist who studied Freud.

The function of humour in caricature is to prove that the persons or processes caricatured are in fact conquerable, are not invulnerably sacrosanct. Being a subversive art, it is militant, and the purpose of its exaggerations is to demonstrate graphically and instantaneously that in the more complex world of human actions, and over a period of time, the enemy can be overcome equally effectively. Hitler was conquered in caricature long before there was a hope of Nazism being destroyed in fact. What distinguishes great caricature is what distinguishes any great visual work of art: unity of the means of expression (which in a graphic art means draughtsmanship) with imaginative insight.

These obvious generalisations form the simple framework within which any more detailed analysis of caricature should surely be made. Mr Hofmann's book* sets out to make such an analysis. Mr. Hofmann is a German scholar of considerable learning and intelligence. Yet his book is abysmally misleading and largely useless. Why? It is worth asking the question because Mr Hofmann's misconceptions and waste of his own energy are typical of so many works written about art today. The very first sentence of the book reveals that Mr Hofmann is an idealist:

> What we assess in life as profit or loss always stems from the same substance, which distributes itself alternately on the two sides of the scale. For every insight gained, for every discovery, for every ray of light shed, we pay a price.

What is this substance we can never get the better of? Fortunately, only hot air – as any woman in China, who has just 'suffered' so many gains and discoveries, would tell Mr Hofmann.

The truth of the matter is that, in times of ferment and revolution, the idealist is forced into this kind of absurd, pessimistic cul-de-sac of thought. Reality becomes too insistent, too crude, to leave arbitrary ideals intact, and so, in his panic, the idealist has to invent new terrible 'conceptions' to represent those human forces which appear to threaten him and his whole system of thinking; inevitably he begins to talk of 'the diabolic', 'the mysterious', 'hell on earth' and 'the human tragedy'; whilst art, instead of being seen as an expression of man's desire to improve the world, is interpreted as a reflection of his hopeless dilemma and predicament.

But what is even worse for the idealist as a scholar is that, in order to make such ideas in the least convincing, he has to rip works of arts right out of their historical context. Only then can they be placed on the altar of our present 'fate'. Thus, we have André Malraux's *Musée Imaginaire*. And thus we have Mr Hofmann writing that there is 'a deeply mysterious and diabolical element in caricature'; that it 'protests against ideal beauty of form and claims for itself freedom to reform the world in terms of ugliness'; that 'caricature, like every revolutionary, is sustained by the system it attacks'.

The truth is so much simpler. A revolutionary is sustained by the contradictions in the system he attacks. And if caricature ever does protest against 'ideal beauty of form', it does so because it isn't ideal, but on the contrary, a facade hiding contradictions. When Gillray drew Lady Hamilton as a gross *Dido in Despair*, he was not attacking classicism but – quite simply – Neapolitan intrigue. By now, however, Mr Hofmann cannot stop, and so he imposes his 'satanic views' on all the major works he examines. In Breughel and Hogarth 'we find the bewildering maze of a world grown confused and desperate'. 'Goya's imagination revolves round the conception of hell on earth.' In Daumier's last lithographs we 'sense the inescapable threat of a Day of Judgment'. Fantastically, nothing is said about Breughel witnessing the desperate persecution of his own countrymen by Spain, about Goya witnessing the man-made hell of guerilla warfare, about Daumier witnessing the real threats of the real days of judgment of 1871.

Indeed, Mr Hofmann speaks like a clever advocate for those established orders which were under attack: if the works can be made out to be vastly apocalyptic, there is a good chance that their sharp, specific accusations may be forgotten. This is not, of course, the position Mr Hofmann wishes to take up; but finally the idealist has to defend his consciousness against the same force as the tyrant has to defend his privileges: the creative force of the common people. Mr Hofmann believes that caricature originated from an internal development within painting itself, from the artist's desire to create a shorthand for describing natural forms. Consequently he dismisses the popular satirical art of the seventeenth century (whose example Hogarth consciously followed and developed) by saying that when these works 'coarsen or simplify ideas, it is not with the intention of giving a shorthand form, but simply because only coarseness and simplicity have any chance of being understood by the mass of the people'. Shakespeare and Bunyan knew better than that.

Correlations, facts, causes, results, are not, however, of great importance to Mr Hofmann, because 'nothing, however senseless it may seem, is without symbolic content', and it is with this 'symbolic content' that we should really be concerned. Hogarth's works, for example, are 'symbolic of a world of collective vice'. Mr Hofmann examines Hogarth's engraving of *Beer Street*:

> Drunkenness and gluttony were the butt of this engraving. . . . This portrayal of a London street scene suddenly becomes mysterious and sinister when we look at what is happening in the picture. The self-satisfied painter on the ladder, the grinning paunchy fellow with the beer mug, the beer-drinkers on the roof . . . the house whose walls are about to crash down – all this becomes a concentrated vision of mysteriousness and uncertainty, a symbol of futility.

Now, in fact, Hogarth made this engraving as a twin to *Gin Lane* for the purposes of showing the happy advantages of drinking beer rather than gin! He intended everything in the picture to convey a sense of prosperity and wellbeing. And this is how the print was understood by Hogarth's large public. The painter is simply happy; the paunchy fellow holds a beer mug in one hand and a joint of meat in the other to show that he has money for food; the steeplejacks drink beer and yet keep their heads for heights; the decrepit house belongs to the pawnbroker, who by contrast thrives in Gin Lane!

Could one find anywhere a better example of the hopeless subjectivism of the idealist approach to art? And – I would like to add – I quote it not in order to make fun of a factual mistake (we all make them) but as a warning to scholars, students, readers, of the essential frivolity of a prevalent attitude. 'Nothing, however senseless it may seem, is without symbolic content' might well be written in gilded letters above the entrances to most contemporary galleries, art institutes and culture parlours. The idea behind this sentence is constantly used to justify what is objectively meaningless. In fact a symbol is a social product and can only be created by common consent. John Bull is a symbol: so is a halo, or a hammer and sickle. But if I see an odd-shaped potato that happens to remind me of my aunt, the symbolic content of potatoes is not aunts. Yet this is the logic by which hundreds of paintings and sculptures are now explained and created; every private meaning imposed upon a work by either artist or spectator is called symbolic and thus, by the use of this one word, made more 'profound' than reality itself. It is not surprising that certain artists experiment with mescalin, for art also has become a drug. Lawrence Alloway, the main English apologist for Action Painting and other allied forms of non-art, has written: 'It has been a great discovery of post-war artists, that in the absence of pure form, all form is evocative and, in some measure, subject to the spectator's projected wishes and guesses'. Precisely. And what can be the point of taking drugs except for the purpose of making reality appear to be sub-

* *Caricature from Leonardo to Picasso.* By WERNER HOFMANN. *Calder.* 36*s.*

ject to the addict's projected wishes and guesses?

When a scholar, such as Mr Hofmann, approaches art history from an idealist point of view, his consequent attempt to impose his own superstitions upon the facts leads, as I have shown, to obviously absurd conclusions. Yet when contemporary artists deliberately create works which contain no statements and no points of reference to the world beyond the canvas, but are merely made like string bags so that all can stuff their wishes and guesses into them, then direct analysis and criticism are no longer possible. One has left the territory of philosophical or logical debate and entered the field of psychopathology. Mr Hofmann sincerely sets out to discover the meaning of caricature. But his attitude has brought him almost to the point beyond which all is meaningless. Nowadays the idealist's progress is not unlike the Rake's.

JOHN BERGER

Adam

I canna mind the wrang they say I did,
The scriever lee'd: but ken that but for it
Our kind had neer been born. Could it no be
That birth itsel wes all the crime, the bairn's
Rebellion at the womb? And syne expulsion
Intil the tuim anxietie of space,
Dependent on the undependable,
The soil accursed, and me cursed intil toil,
A sword forbiddand ilka wey led back.

Lanely we wandered, cursed for an unkent sin,
The wound in my side called Eve at my shouder tall,
The Fall intil life her life-lot aye to bear,
My love of her to begin and end in pain.

Wes this rejection meant, or does the saul
Miscall every gain frae sense of loss?
I canna think that life itsel's a sin,
With death nocht but the wey that we atone.
I think that God intendet nae sic thing
But we oursels misdreamed our progress sin
Because we moved frae pleisure intil pain.

And nae wey back, all roads a leading on.
Lang, lang, I cuist mysel agin
Thon adamantine yett, thon fleerand sword,
And fell back aye in bluid melled aye with tears,
The terrible rejection sair to bear,
My ain sword useless by yon awesome blade,
Yet by dependence forced to try to win
Re-entrance til my paradise again.

Sae my story's been. Heaven on my mind,
Rejected for my pouerlessness, I planned
To seize the pouer of God, to Satan doun
The Author frae his Lordship owre the warld,
Omnipotence the key til Eden's yett,
And dragged in pain my past-tormented mind
Throu centuries of earthly darg and sweat,
Gleg to see in some sun-lightened plain
The place that I had come frae sae langsyne;
Yet scarcelins noticeand the comely earth's
Likeness til itsel – its guidness in itsel.

Until it broke intil my sicht, the licht
Of day dispelland Eden's muinlicht glamour,
And I surrendered all that vain pretence,
Wes nae mair God, nae mair afraid to be
Alane, shut out, nor envied God possession
Of what He'd made his ain: nae langer strove
With angels to return, nor feared their sword –
And straitway found my peace in beand man.

TOM SCOTT

El Dorado

The Marches of El Dorado. By MICHAEL SWAN. *Cape.* 25*s.*

'Cram the mind to bursting with the sights of the world so that memory need never starve. The flower will wither but the seed will prosper.' With these words Mr Swan went to British Guiana. It is Raleigh's colony and El Dorado, the country of the golden King, the land of sugar companies and 'pork-knockers', the prospectors for gold and diamonds. Capital Georgetown. Population 450,000, mainly African and East-Indian. Notable in literature for the writings of Raleigh, Schomburgk, the polished Waterton and, 30 years ago, Evelyn Waugh, who left behind him a legend of toughness and friendship. It is not all that common for writers to be remembered with smiles of affection and without acid criticism, in a colony. Waugh's book on Guiana is one of the best. It must have been his novel, *A Handful of Dust*, that first put into Mr Swan's head the idea of taking Dickens to read.

Mr Swan's book is based on a number of river and foot journeys in the jungle and savannah. The most arduous was the march to climb Mt Roraima. He is an enterprising traveller, loving to collect natural sights, curious about birds, flowers and animals, quick at picking up the stories of the eccentrics and lost men who have been left behind by the gold 'shouts'. He takes an intelligent interest in the Indians. He has a good ear for the picturesque Creole English.

> 'Permit me mak' yo' understand, sah,' he began, 'dat what me about to inform yo' of ain't such things as liard fellas tell. Back in d'great year of 1912 oh dere was a time fo' all o' we Arakaka side here. An' it was a time, me say, when him wid d'shut mouth nevva catch fly. All a man got to do is open he mouth. Permit I an explanation. Dat year d'river him went down and down and down and still d'rain nevva come, and down dere, me tell yo', sah, dere comes a day when by d'glory o' d'Lord not one dam drop o' water lies in d'river bed'.

Like most travellers he is torn between dislike of what the missionaries do to primitive people and the inevitability of it; but he goes, more interestingly than most, into the different effects made by the Adventists and the Roman Catholics – the two groups which hate each other most and have most influence. He had a deeply interesting talk with Father Mather, a Jesuit, who hankers after the old Jesuit communities of Paraguay, and who is a collector of curare poison which he sends to European laboratories. He had pots of it. As an artist, Mr Swan is attracted by accidental rather than official Christianity, by the despised Halleluyah sect, for example. This was started a century ago by an Indian who had picked up Christian notions when he was a servant in a clergyman's house. Papai is their Christ, Mamai Meili is a corruption of Mother Mary, 'Our Big Sister' Kwin is Queen Victoria, the daughter of God. The leader Abel taught the simple basic concepts of Christianity: hospitality, good husbandry, kindness, the rejection of sin. The sect has had a natural, not an imposed growth. Mr Swan is by nature a fair-minded writer on this and the difficult economic and political situation in the country and puts forward what he heard with modesty.

But the best thing about him is that he is an admirable descriptive writer – observant, sensitive, loving words and occasionally eloquent.

BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

Savannah, jungle, rapids, tableland, coastal plain: the very words are like a knell in expeditionary literature, but Mr Swan is accomplished and gives them a clear and vivid life, so that we are not stupefied by tropical scenery which too easily becomes amorphous. The mangrove swamp becomes dramatic and tolerable as a subject, simply because he has something intelligent to say about it. He is good at speculation. Suppose the Indians had discovered maize, as the Indians of Mexico did, would the civilisation of Guiana have advanced to the Mexican level? One of the jungle myths that is beginning to yield is the myth of Green Hell. Of course, the piranha and the electric eel are deadly and the fallen trees are full of snakes. But snakes and jaguars get away if they can. The old 'pork knockers' and traders would not dream of leaving the tropics. Life is healthy, they find. A Mr Brown from Manchester went back after a few years, stayed a week in that city, and got back to the jungle as quickly as he could. It is true, as one settler shrewdly said, that travellers are careful to pick the dry season; and the squalor of those places where white civilisation and religion have broken traditional life, is horrifying. But the radio, telephone and the aeroplane are transforming the conditions of primitive life. For the rest, Mr Swan listened to the yarns of the colony, the chatter on the launches and canoes, the gruesome stories of possession by the evil spirit called Kenaima, which appears to supply the moral basis for vendetta, the talk of the politicians in Georgetown. He is far from gossipy. He had a long interview with Dr Jagan, the dentist leader of the PPP: he had just ousted Burnham, who had splintered the party. Dr Jagan's wife, the celebrated Chicago Marxist, was just out of prison. Dr Jagan illustrated his case against sugar colonialism from the film of *Mrs Miniver*. Dr Jagan had noted that Mrs Miniver had paid 2½d. per lb. for sugar in 1940. He knew that, from Guiana's point of view, it was not enough. He 'crammed' Mr Swan's mind on the land question and cramming – as he said earlier – was his quest. He has written a memorable book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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COLLINS

Musical Lives

The Memoirs of Carl Flesch. Edited and translated by HANS KELLER. *Rockliff.* 30*s*.

Artur Schnabel. By CÉSAR SAERCHINGER. *Cassell.* 36*s*.

Debussy. By VICTOR SEROFF. *Calder.* 30*s*.

Erich Kleiber. By JOHN RUSSELL. *Deutsch.* 21*s*.

The best of these books is the one which will probably find the fewest readers. Great violinists no longer excite the sort of adulation still accorded to eminent conductors, pianists and singers; moreover, Carl Flesch, though an acknowledged master, was hardly a popular idol like Kubelik or Kreisler, but rather a distinguished theorist, technical innovator and teacher: a musician's musician, a fiddler's fiddler. In some respects he reminds us of another outstanding personality who was his fellow-student in Paris, the Rumanian Georges Enesco.

This is the first publication of Flesch's autobiography, of which the German original, begun as long ago as 1933, remains in manuscript. Flesch brought his narrative down to about 1928; the last sixteen years of his life are covered in a brief final chapter by his son. During the Second War, Flesch, by then a stateless Jew, had the misfortune to be trapped in Holland; he and his wife escaped the worst consequences of the German occupation and were allowed to go to his native Hungary; thence they were able to move to Switzerland, where the violinist died in 1944. The main value of his book derives from the very numerous musical portraits, sometimes several pages long, which describe and analyse the leading musicians of his time, especially but not exclusively the violinists. 'I propose,' Flesch said, 'to offer a reliable source for the history of violin-playing from 1883 to 1933'. An erudite and extremely clever man with an exceptional clarity of mind, he had a passion for objectivity. As, one by one, the great virtuosi who were his seniors, contemporaries or juniors pass before us in review, we are astonished by the acuteness of his perceptions and by his almost unfailing ability to see both the virtues and the failings of diametrically opposed talents and personalities. He does not refrain from technical detail; but the non-fiddling reader need not fear that he will be bored, for technique is only a starting point to the discussion of style and interpretation, and the interaction of technique and style is a subject on which Flesch is particularly illuminating. Of Heifetz, for instance, whom he recognises as a giant, he has this to say:

> . . . Heifetz was well-nigh perfect at the age of twelve. Unlike everybody else, he never had to struggle for his technique. . . . Thus he was soon led towards neglecting, to some extent, his personality; his unparalleled routine seemed to suffice. He got used to playing often with his hands alone and allowing his mind a Sleeping Beauty's rest. When, however, it was roused by the Prince of inspiration, a work of art of the very first rank came into being, such as his interpretation of the Sibelius Concerto. . . .

Flesch's judgments are often severe, but only in one case do they seem unjust: his account of Huberman's playing hardly suggests the great musician many of us can still remember, and I think that Mr Keller was justified in for once exceeding his editorial functions by the addition of an Appendix in discussion of this point. Generally, his editing (in collaboration with C. F. Flesch) and translation are admirable. The addition of such details as the dates of the principal musicians discussed is a great convenience, and the notes usually tell us just what we need to know – though it is rather odd to be solemnly informed that Charlemagne is *'Karl der Grosse'*. A distinct impression is given of the evidently lively style of the original, and only occasionally does the translator betray the fact that English is not his native tongue. A few proper names are misspelled; among them the Swiss conductor Andreae and the Finnish conductor Kajanus, the American baritone Emilio de Gogorza, and the American critics Krehbiel and Philip Hale (the latter given a second 'l' to his Christian name which would surely have pained his Bostonian feelings). Paul Kochanski, the Polish violinist, died in 1934 (not 1924), and made during that final decade of his life a superb recording of the Brahms D minor Sonata with Arthur Rubinstein. Flesch gives an amusing account of his own absurd recording experiences with the deaf and testy old Edison; and from this the reader is bound to infer that his playing survives only in a few antiquated trifles. Some reference was needed to his electrical recordings, which include Handel and Mozart sonatas and the Bach Double Concerto with Szigeti.

At one time Flesch often played in association with Schnabel, of whose musical and personal character he gives an acute and not wholly flattering analysis. At the centre of the great pianist's personality lay 'a pronounced gift for dialectics. He had a veritable passion for discussion in every form and on any subject; but what interested him was not so much the clarification of a problem as fine-drawn argumentation . . .' A typical instance of this dualism, not mentioned by Flesch, is the contrast between Schnabel's own extremely advanced compositions and the no less extreme conservatism of his programmes: admiring Schönberg and composing somewhat in his manner, why did he never perform Schönberg's music? But all such contradictions, as Flesch says, were resolved when 'his unconditional and uncompromising immersion in a work of art' enabled him 'to reach heights that were hardly ever scaled by others'. Mr Saerchinger's long and detailed biography scarcely attempts to penetrate, or even to state, the mysteries of Schnabel's artistic nature; it is simply an encyclopaedic piece of hero-worship, written competently but without any particular insight or grace. The book, which contains a short and illuminating tribute from Clifford Curzon and two somewhat non-committal discussions of Schnabel as a composer by Ernst Krenek and Roger Sessions, is rounded off by several appendices, including a full discography marred only by a total lack of dates and the listing of different recordings of the same work in the reverse order to that in which they were made.

Mr Seroff's *Debussy* is wholly biographical, and claims to contain much fresh material 'derived from research into new French sources' and from the questionable memoirs of Mary Garden. How soundly Mr Seroff has assessed this new material I cannot pretend to judge, though my suspicions are aroused by his apparently slight acquaintance with the French language, the topography of Paris, the technicalities of music and even the score of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. However necessary his book may prove to the Debussy student, it cannot be warmly recommended to the general reader, being

written in a style which sets one's teeth on edge and is peculiarly inappropriate to so fastidious a composer. The proofs have been carelessly read; thus, Mussorgsky's dates are given as 1859-1881, and Richter's as 1893-1916. But those tough enough to ignore all such failings will find here a sad but gripping narrative.

It is a relief to turn to Mr Russell's *Erich Kleiber*; unlike most books on music, it is the work of a professional writer. Considering that music is not his first subject, he is astonishingly well informed about the great opera-houses in which Kleiber spent much of his life. His book, which is of sensible length, will delight opera-lovers and those who are interested in the remarkable concentration of musical talent in Berlin during Kleiber's period (1923-1935) as Generalmusikdirektor of the Staatsoper. He was a wonderful musician: a selfless conductor with a passion for doing things just as the composer wished them done, and for striving by every means in his power to attain that almost unattainable thing, the ideal operatic performance. What he could make out of variable material we learnt from his occasional postwar appearances at Covent Garden; how near he could come to the ideal we can still appreciate from his recordings, complete to the last bar, of *Figaro* and *Der Rosenkavalier*. There is sadness in the story of his life: political barbarism, war and Viennese fecklessness prevented him from attaining the durable results of which he was pre-eminently capable. And he died far too soon.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Hamish Hamilton have issued a new and improved translation of Bruno Walter's monograph on Gustav Mahler (12s. 6d.). The new introduction includes a tribute to Kathleen Ferrier as a Mahler singer.

Beyond Suez

The Labour Movement in the Sudan, 1946-55. By SAAD ED DIN FAWZI. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Few books have been written about the development of labour movements in Asia and Africa. Professor Fawzi's detailed study of the emergence of militant trade unionism in the bridge-country between Africa and the Middle East sets a high standard for other writers to follow. It should be of interest both to western readers who wish to examine what is at once familiar and very unfamiliar territory, and to non-European students of the labour movement who need an objective guide to the practical problems of trade union growth.

Three features of the Sudanese situation have been of over-riding importance in determining the shape of the eleven-year-old labour movement. First, trade unionism has necessarily affected only a tiny fraction of the total population. The proportion of wage workers is merely 2 per cent or less, much the same as in Somalia, and less than the 3 per cent in Uganda and the 5 per cent in Tanganyika. Second, a very large proportion of these wage workers are employed by the government, and the government has often been the second party in trade disputes since 1946. It has consequently never been easy for workers to distinguish between the government as the biggest single employer of industrial labour and the government as the body responsible for the administration and welfare of the country. Third, during the critical years of the struggle for trade union recognition a distinctive problem was caused by the fact that management and labour belonged to different racial groups. The gulf between the two made genuine inter-communication clumsy and difficult. It is easy to see from Professor Fawzi's study why representatives of the ICFTU were met with nothing more than cold politeness when they visited Khartoum in October 1951.

In the long run the social and economic future of countries like the Sudan depends on the vitality of labour movements created from local materials as a result of local pressures. It would be a tragedy if local needs were exploited by international propaganda. Professor Fawzi is well equipped to continue his analysis of the Sudanese labour movement by turning from trade unionists to the loosely organized coalition of 'workers, peasants, students, and women', which is likely to play an increasingly important part in Sudanese politics, and by examining the impact of large-scale economic projects like the Gezira scheme on a society in the course of rapid change.

ASA BRIGGS

Proud and Public Dance

William Dunbar, Poems. Edited by JAMES KINSLEY. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very useful selected edition of a great Scottish poet. Professor Kinsley's lively and readable introduction does not attempt to go so deep, for instance, as Mr Patrick Cruttwell's essay on Dunbar and Henryson in the Penguin *Age of Chaucer*. But if the points he makes are fairly obvious, they seem also sound. It is irritating that Dunbar's longest, most complex, and in a sense most variously human poem, the *Tretis of the Tua*

Henry James and H. G. Wells

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TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

'This book is both sad and entertaining: it is excellently told, and will be appreciated not merely by those who esteem these great novelists, but also by those who are interested in the eternal battle between order and rebellion.' HAROLD NICOLSON

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JOHN CALDER, 17 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Marrit Wemen and the Wedo, should be reduced to about half its length, with no indication to the ordinary reader that this has been done, except dots after occasional lines. The reason is not prudery, for Professor Kinsley also prints, for instance, a very jolly bit of bawdry, *In secreit place this hyndir nicht.*

No, Professor Kinsley must think the poem at full length would bore the ordinary reader, and I am sure he is wrong. As an averagely ignorant reader, I found the notes and glossary very useful, but was irritated, there, by what seemed a pointless tendency towards periphrastic or euphemistic glossing. '*As Wodnisday*, the first day of Lent': '*batwis*, testicles'. Why not just say Ash Wednesday? Why not just say b*lls? These, however, are the limits of one's carpings about a book which it is delightful to possess.

Perhaps, as Professor Kinsley half suggests at one point in his introduction, the English poet, with whom it is most natural to compare Dunbar is Dryden. Both are among the giants rather than among the gods. They double their strength when they touch the earth. Dunbar is like Dryden in being a great rhetorician and verse technician, a professional poet who can write good poetry 'to order', a man of powerful intellect, typically representative of the preoccupations of his time, a persuasive polemist and flatterer, and a writer whose profounder inner life, if he had one, does not come out very interestingly in his poetry. He speaks for his age, or for important aspects of his age, rather than for himself.

The deepest thing in Dunbar is that sense of the transitoriness of all 'erdly gloir', of the nearness of death and of the possibility of damnation, which is also to be found in Villon.

For feir of this all day I drowp;
Nor gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp,
Nor ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
May lat me to remember this,
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

Yet compare that with Villon:

Où sont les gracieux galants
Que je suivais aux temps jadis,
Si bien chantants, si bien parlants,
Si plaisants en faits et en dits?
Les aucuns sont morts et roidis,
D'eux il n'est plus rien maintenant:
Repos aient en paradis,
Et Dieu sauve le demeurant!

That quiet poignancy, that touching of the naked nerve, is beyond Dunbar. He cannot be intimate, in that sense; he does not speak to us, but performs for us; he is a master of the proud and public dance of words.

There is, in fact, about Dunbar's grand, gloomy passages what Professor Kinsley finely calls 'a terrible hammered precision'. But two things counteract the gloom. One is a vivid delight in natural beauty, a feeling especially for spring and summer, after the grim Scottish winter:

The morrow myld wes and meik, the mavis did sing,
And all remuffit the myst, and the meid smellit;
Silver schouris doune schuke as the schene cristall,
And berdis schoutit in schaw with thair schill notis;
The goldin glitterand gleme so gladit ther hertis. . . .

Dunbar is much more attractive in such passages than in those in which he gives nature the colours of heraldry and pageantry:

The other counteractive to his gloom is his wild, original humour, which gives him, as Professor Kinsley notes, an 'energy of imagination' where Dryden has only 'energy of utterance'. He is not really very difficult to read. The dance of the rhythms catches one even before one has grasped all the words. One hopes that this very pleasantly got-up book will introduce him to a wide non-specialist public.

G. S. FRASER

GILES ST. AUBYN
A Victorian Eminence
The Life and Works of Henry Thomas

'. . . a triumph of rehabilitation, at once entertaining and charitable.' A. J. P. TAYLOR. *The Observer.*

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'. . . it will be a thousand pities if Mr. St. Aubyn's admirable and entertaining book does not restore Buckle to his proper niche . . .' *The Times Literary Supplement.*

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'This is a fascinating book about history in general and about one great and neglected historian in particular.' ASA BRIGGS. *The Yorkshire Post.*

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'. . . fascinating exploration of the verse satirists between Pope and Byron.' KENNETH YOUNG. *The Daily Telegraph.*

'That Mr. Hopkins is a smiling philosopher, exercising a pretty wit, adds to his charm without weakening the soundness of his judgments.' GILBERT THOMAS. *The Birmingham Post.*

'The curious learning in this desirable book is well supported by about 20 well-chosen illustrations.' DANIEL GEORGE. *The Bookman.*

Demy 8vo. 304 pp. plus 12 pages of illustrations from contemporary sources. **25s.**

BARRIE BOOKS

Air-photography

Evidence in Camera. By CONSTANCE BABINGTON-SMITH. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

'Brilliantly told,' writes Lord Tedder. 'To me the most fascinating aspect of the last war'. Inevitably, the words are lifted from the Foreword and reprinted on the yellow slip which flutters from the book like a pennant. Fascinating, yes, this story of how air-photographs were taken and interpreted. But not, thank goodness, brilliant. Miss Babington-Smith's blush, when she first read that word, must have been tinged with incredulity. For it is a deliberately modest book, competent, intelligible and friendly. She performs on her material the same deft job as she did on her photographs. She interprets, collates, makes complicated things sound simple.

It is at its occasional worst when she dramatises incidents by imaginary conversations: at its best when she is back at her bench, her head bent over a stereoscope, searching the ruins of a German aircraft factory for a prototype which had never yet flown, or tracing, a millimetre for a yard, the length of a run-way as if she were actually walking along it:

I decided to follow the dead-straight road which led northwards along the eastern boundary of the airfield [Peenemunde] towards the Baltic shore. I passed the limits of the airfield and went on towards the extreme edge of the island.

At the end of the road was the ramp with the first V1 that English eyes had ever seen, pinned to it like a butterfly on a setting board. Even in the magnified reproduction of that famous photograph, arrowed for greater intelligibility, I can still not see what she saw.

The alliance formed in 1940 between Frederick Cotton, the flyer, and Michael Spender, the interpreter, set the pattern for the huge organisation that began to grow at Medenham at the moment when Miss Babington-Smith slipped shyly into her own story. The pilot was the man who flew the artificial eye. The interpreter told him (if he bothered to inquire) what it had seen. For one it was like big-game hunting with a camera, only more dangerous. For the other, it meant the indirect exercise of enormous power. On the basis of Miss Babington-Smith's deductions, fleets of bombers set out to smash obscure Bavarian factories, and squadrons of unarmed fighters photographed over and over again huge stretches of country where V-sites might have appeared overnight. The interpreters' methods were delicately clinical. They used their stereoscopes like microscopes, working over a photograph as bacteriologists work on a diseased piece of liver. As Saint-Exupéry said in the best description ever written of photographic intelligence: 'They sought on the vulnerable body of France traces of the virus which devoured her'.

The strangest part of the story was the failure to detect by air-photography, then at its most fully developed, the preparations for the Ardennes offensive, although the snow must have made the concentration of troops doubly difficult to conceal. But this was nothing compared to the failure of the Germans. They took wonderful photographs, but had no idea how to interpret them. The book ends with the discovery of the photographic library at Berchtesgaden. 'Von Fritsch was right', commented the British chief interpreter, flicking through perfect air-pictures of Southampton, 'when he said that the side with the best photographic reconnaissance would win the war.' But it was the Medenham team, the Glyn Daniels, Kendalls and Babington-Smiths, who learned how not to waste the courage of their pilots.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Salmagundi

The Quick Years. By JEAN ARISS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Letters of Nicodemus. By JAN DOBRACZYNSKI. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Miscreant. By JEAN COCTEAU. *Peter Owen.* 15*s.*

The Transgressor. By JULIAN GREEN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Quick Years by Jean Ariss is a first novel set in the Steinbeck country, about a philoprogenitive Jew called Joseph Baer who abandons writing in Chicago for a fruit farm in California, marries a fourteen-year old girl he has previously raped and rapidly begets thirteen children. His story, recounted by a grandchild Sheila, weaves its way through 300 pages with a great many tiresome changes of time and tense induced by the author's unwillingness to divide the novel conventionally into chapters. This produces a sort of breathless boredom relieved all too infrequently by crisp and vivid descriptions of landscape and occasional well contrived episodic writing. Miss Ariss can write admirably but I personally found her Biblical patriarch boring and implausible.

Jan Dobraczynski, a leading Catholic Polish novelist whose *Letters of Nicodemus* ('There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews and the same came to Jesus by night') has had an outstanding success in Europe and been translated into most languages, is a writer obsessed by the relationship of man to God and God to man. His story, told in the form of letters from Nicodemus to a former tutor, Justus, is a flat but sincere fictional account of the impact of Jesus Christ upon the lesser New Testament characters who are torn between a natural incredulity at an unconventional Messiah and a passionate desire to believe in him. The Jewish-Roman background is well done and furnishes a new slant on Pontius Pilate.

'My whole work,' writes M. Cocteau, in his preface, 'hangs on the drama of loneliness and man's attempts to overcome it.' *The Miscreant* does no justice to such a tragic theme: the story of an adolescent's love affair with a *poule-de-luxe* tricked out with second-rate epigrams, tatty line drawings and such ineffectual artificialities as, 'Crepe is like sunshine for lunch'.

What a relief to turn to Mr Julian Green's latest novel, the first for seven years! The ambience is provincial – a house with an old-fashioned garden enclosed by lattice work and half obliterated armorial bearings about the front door:

> The Vasseurs found it difficult to get used to their house and it still awed them after ten years of occupancy: the vaultings were too lofty, the staircase too majestic and the drawing rooms too vast. It seemed impossible to warm up the walls, or to put new life into what wished to die in a house where even the great windows seemed contemptuous. Sofas threw themselves back and opened their arms before the fireplaces; brigades of chairs assembled in corners; round tables blocked openings, but all in vain; one element remained to frustrate the decorations' every wile: sheer emptiness.

The house reflects like a mirror the hearts of its occupants who are odious without exception, personifications of ennui, bad temper, lust, mischief and madness. All, that is, except Hedwige, the Vasseurs' dependant – a short, solid, shiny-faced innocent. The theme of this moving novel – the destruction of innocence by the stupid and vicious – is handled with Mr. Green's usual perception and the story moves inexorably to a tragic climax, the nature of which I shall not reveal. A sad, sensitive and truthful book.

W. H. HUGHES

La Belle Sauvage

The House of Cassell. By SIMON NOWELL-SMITH. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

The Cassell Miscellany. Edited by FRED URQUHART. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

Cassell's are 110 years old this year, and here in celebration are Mr Nowell-Smith's most agreeable history of the house and Mr Urquhart's selection, weighing 3lb. 7½oz. by the kitchen scales, from the work of rather more than a hundred authors published by the firm: Napoleon III's name, as author of *The History of Julius Cæsar*, leads all the rest, and the rear is brought up by Miss Eartha Kitt, with, in between and among others, Stevenson, Barrie, Marie Bashkirtseff, Kipling, Rider Haggard, Chesterton, Wells, Bennett, Gide, Asquith, Wyndham Lewis, A. J. A. Symons, Ernest Newman, Robert Graves and Sir Winston. As Mr Urquhart's anthology, (which, if only a little lighter, would make a wonderful bedside book) suggests and Mr Nowell-Smith confirms, Cassell's did not emerge as predominantly book publishers until the last years of the nineteenth century. Until then, they had very largely specialised in magazines and 'self-educators'.

But who was Cassell? He was 'typical, if not a caricature, of his age', and Mr Nowell-Smith's account of him is fascinating. John Cassell was born in Manchester in 1817, became a carpenter and was a convert at an early age to the new religion of Temperance. When he was twenty he walked to London with his tools and no money and for several years was an itinerant lecturer for the temperance cause. He married a wife more cultivated than himself, and richer, and on her money set himself up in the City as a tea and coffee merchant, in order to provide the working classes with a substitute for the Demon Drink. (He was among the first tradesmen to market tea in packets.) He appeared first as a publisher in 1846 as owner and editor of a new magazine *The Teetotal Times*; thence he went on to the publication of a weekly, *The Working Man's Friend*, almanacs, and a scheme of popular education.

Cassell, like Mr Venus, floated his powerful mind in tea – and a powerful business as well. But by 1855 he had overreached himself and was forced into partnership with his printers. He died ten years later. By that time the house of Cassell was firmly established as a leading periodical-publishing firm. Cassell had founded *The Quiver*, perhaps his most famous magazine, in 1861. In 1868, the firm published London's first halfpenny evening newspaper, the *Echo*. As publishers of books, however, Cassell's were less successful, no doubt because they were influenced in their policy by the success of their essentially popular, lower-middle-class magazines. There, safety paid; and the presence of Henley as editor of the *Magazine of Art* and of Wilde as editor of *Women's World* appear as grotesque interludes in a saga of respectability. 'The few remembered names,' Mr Nowell-Smith says, 'in the firm's list of book fiction in the Eighties are, almost without exception, those of writers who entered the list as writers for the young. Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Quiller-Couch'; and he might have quoted Stevenson's comment on his publishers in a letter to Henley written in March, 1882:

> Your list of books that Cassells have refused in these three weeks is not quite complete; they also refused:—
>
> 1. Six undiscovered Tragedies, one romantic Comedy, a fragment of Journal extending over six years, and an unfinished Autobiography reaching up to the first performance of King John. By William Shakespeare.
> 2. The Journals and Private Correspondence of David, King of Israel.
> 3. Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a Monody on Napoleon.
> 4. Eight books of an unfinished novel, Solomon Crabb. By Henry Fielding.
> 5. Stevenson's Moral Emblems.

Mr Nowell-Smith brings his history of the firm down to 1905. The final chapter, on Cassell's since then, is 'by other hands'. It is much less interesting, a catalogue of names and events, and much less well written. But it does establish the fact that the Cassell's we know today is largely the work of Sir Newman Flower, who joined the firm in 1905 from the Harmsworth Press.

WALTER ALLEN

There is now a third, and revised, edition of Herbert Read's *Education Through Art* (Faber, 35s.); and a second edition of Raymond Firth's classic of anthropology, *We, the Tikopia* (Allen & Unwin, 50s.).

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,462 **Set by Red Setter**

A recent questionnaire suggests that there are nearly twice the number of *N.S.* readers at Cambridge as at Oxford University. Competitors are asked to comment on this preference in the manner of Sir William Browne's famous epigram –

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Entries by 18 March.

Result of No. 1,459 **Set by Buzfuz**

'What is hogmanay?' asked Aimée (*The Loved One*), and Dennis answered: 'People being sick on the pavement in Glasgow'. Competitors are asked to define, for the uninitiated, any five of the following: Ramadan, Labour Day, Boxing Day, Mothers' Day, Hallowe'en, Guy Fawkes Day, Thanksgiving Day, le 14 juillet, Yom Kippur, Primrose Day, United Nations Day.

Report

Very few competitors were able to match Mr Waugh's Dennis, and certainly not for five festivals. The sharpest comments were on Boxing Day:

Christmas Day in its coffin, screwed down with dyspeptic curses. (R. A. McKenzie)
Epsom Salts Derby. (William M. Duncan)
Honours pioneers of bismuth and aspirin. (Will Clemence)
Bills and biliousness. (Ethel Talbot Scheffauer)

J R. Till had two good ideas for the political celebrations:

LABOUR DAY: Ideology in braces.

PRIMROSE DAY: Getting dizzy on bluebell wine.

I liked R. A. McKenzie's

Spring in the air and all the Reds coming out.

The political side of Guy Fawkes Day didn't catch on, but these two entries passed:

Rocketing up with the Joneses. (S. M. Mansell)
Canine at-home day. (Frederic Barrett)

As for Hallowe'en, Lyndon Irving is right:

Schoolgirls with apples and turnips sadly apeing schoolgirls in books about schoolgirls.

Mothers' Day and United Nations Day had no really sharp entries; but just when the festival cocktail was beginning to taste flat, Gloria Prince's Ramadan gave it a new fizz:

Abdul's month of Sundays—with Saturday nights –

– and there was a dash of Angostura for Thanksgiving Day:

When the sugar-daddy of the Western world plays at being a Pilgrim Father. (Arabella Snonk)

Prizes of two guineas each to Allen Synge and Leo Spero; a guinea each to Desmond Skirrow and G. J. Blundell.

LABOUR DAY—August Yank Holiday.

PRIMROSE DAY—the Kensington Flower Show.

GUY FAWKES DAY—Guys and guided missiles.

RAMADAN—You can't have no Valentine.

UNITED NATIONS DAY—Putting out more flags!

ALLEN SYNGE

MOTHERS' DAY: The florist's Oedipus gilt complex.

GUY FAWKES DAY: September Opening of Juvenile Mendicancy.

THANKSGIVING DAY: Europe's Discovery of Turkey.

YOM KIPPUR: When friends wish you well over what ought to make you ill.

UNITED NATIONS DAY: The Cynic's Prize Misnomer.

LEO SPERO

BOXING DAY: A dribble of Milk of Magnesia on a brand new tie and plenty of bits for the dog.

HALLOWE'EN: Trolls and bogies bobbing for apples by the light of a hollow turnip.

GUY FAWKES DAY: Burned fingers, scorched earth and bangs in the mud.

LABOUR DAY: Sweaty crocodiles and embroidered banners in Trafalgar Square and mounted police down the road.

RAMADAN: A heavy supper on an empty stomach in Karachi.

DESMOND SKIRROW

BOXING DAY: Bags under the eyes and Bicarbonate of Soda in the glasses.

MOTHERS' DAY: Harassed housewives trying to find enough vases to put the flowers in.

GUY FAWKES DAY: Carron oil and little dogs howling their heads off.

THANKSGIVING DAY: One hundred and twenty million people singing, 'My country 'tis of Thee' to the tune of 'God Save the Queen'.

UNITED NATIONS DAY: An American and a Russian rubbing mushrooms into one another's faces.

G. J. BLUNDELL

City Lights

What Price a Pound Note?

The City has taken more interest than you might think in the decision to abolish restrictions on the importing of pound notes: because of this restriction, it has always been possible to buy pound notes abroad for considerably less than the official exchange rate. Nobody knows how many pound notes are held abroad and how big a risk the government is taking, but it is probably right in thinking that their price will now rise sharply and that the risk is more than offset by the gain in prestige.

The City, of course, is wondering whether the government means to move further in the same direction. For some time now the various varieties of sterling have been quoted in free markets abroad at rates very close to the official rate, and it has been freely suggested that this offers an excellent opportunity of dropping the distinctions between one variety and another and so taking a further decisive step towards full convertibility. The City would naturally stand to gain from such a step: foreign exchange dealers are becoming increasingly annoyed with the restrictions placed on their business by the present ban. But, apart from the immediate gain to the City, a further move towards full convertibility would certainly increase the speculative dangers to which sterling is already exposed.

* * *

The 5 per cent. cut in tyre prices – the first important cut for five years – may turn out to be the beginning of a new deal for the British motorist. A great many things seem to be happening in the tyre industry at the moment. Within the last few months two firms at least have decided to get out of the business. Only a few weeks ago Dunlop decided to bid for John Bull Rubber, one of the few British tyre firms, apart from itself, which has no American relations. It seems fairly clear, in fact, that the invention of new rubbers and the development of new kinds of tyre has convinced the giant US manufacturers that they must make a major effort to acquire a large share of the world market. They have certainly been making it here. North British Rubber has been expanding extremely rapidly since control was acquired by US Rubber some 18 months ago. Goodyear, controlled by American Goodyear, is just completing an £11m expansion plan and has just introduced another American affiliated company into this country.

* * *

Company news is far from being wholly bad. This week, for example, Alfred Herbert, the largest of the machine tool manufacturers and notorious for the niggardliness of its dividends, has suddenly raised its dividend from 7½ to 12 per cent. net: the decision may be partly due to the threat of nationalisation but probably has more to do with a change of chairman. P & O evidently did extremely well out of the Suez crisis. Its profits for the year to last September jumped from £12½ to £17½m, and although they are likely to be lower this year the board has decided to put up the dividend from 8 to 11 per cent. Finally, there is the interesting case of Chartered. Investment income – and the company has a good deal of that – is specifically barred from the tax-concession offered to Overseas Trading Corporations. But the Revenue has decided that Chartered's royalty income can qualify as trading profit – a decision which will increase its net income by perhaps £2m a year.

TAURUS

How did the Russians know the Americans got to the moon first?
much do we spend on the work of living artists?
does James Bond compare with Richard Hannay as a 'hero'?
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The Chess Board

No. 434. Tiger at Bay

Apart from a predilection for venison with cranberry sauce I am not much of a game-hunter, and I could hardly say if a wounded lion is more ferocious than a tiger cornered; or if either of them is as dangerous as a chessmaster fighting with his back to the wall: a position in which he will pull out every trick he knows. The recent Gotha tournament was won by Bronstein

A: D. Bronstein 1949

B: P. Farago 1935

most convincingly and he played some very good games, but none more brilliant than the only one he lost (against Sliva). Having drifted into an inferior variation of the Dutch defence Bronstein boldly flung his rooks and bishops about and thrice made the (unacceptable) offer of his Queen. But let's see.

(1) P-Q4, P-KB4; (2) P-KKt3, Kt-KB3; (3) B-Kt2, P-KKt3; (4) B-Kt5, B-Kt2; (5) Kt-QB3, Kt-B3; (6) Q-Q2, P-Q3; (7) P-KR4, P-K3; (8) O-O-O, P-KR3; (9) B-B4, B-Q2; (10) P-K4! P x P; (11) Kt x P, Kt-Q4; (12) Kt-K2, Q-K2; (13) P-B4, Kt-Kt3? (14) P-B5! P x P; (15) B x BP, O-O. [Relatively best, since . . . Kt-B5 would have been refuted by (16) Q-B2!]; (16) B-Q6, Q-B2; (17) B x R, R x B; (18) P x P, Kt-Q4; (19) P-B4, R-Q1; (20) Kt(2) -B3, Kt (4) - Kt5; (21) Kt-Q6, Q-B1; (22) Kt x P, Kt-Q5; (23) Kt x R, B-Kt4!! [*Va banque*, but brilliant! Obviously Kt x B is ruled out on account of . . . Q-KB4]; (24) Kt x P, B-Q6! [The Q, of course, is taboo on account of mate in 2]; (25) B-Q5, Q-KB4!; (26) Kt x Kt ch, Q x B; [Still taboo]; (27) Kt-B2! KB x Kt; (28) P x B, Q x RP; (29) P x Kt resigns.

So even Bronstein's last move conjured up a cheerful if plausible mating threat; certainly a loss to be proud of, and inevitably reminding us of Lasker-Napier, Cambridge Springs 1904, and of Napier's remark that, even though he lost it, he considered it the best game he ever played.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) Kt-B3, P-KKt3; (4) P-Q4, P x P; (5) Kt x P, B-Kt2; (6) B-K3, P-Q3; (7) P-KR3 [Bugle-call for a head-on charge which Napier does not even try to dodge], Kt-B3; (8) P-KKt4, O-O; (9) P-Kt5, Kt-K1; (10) P-KR4, Kt-B2; (11) P-B4, P-K4; (12) Kt(4)-K2, P-Q4!?! [Nothing daunted]; (13) P x QP, Kt-Q5; (14) Kt x Kt, Kt x P!; (15) Kt-B5!!, Kt x Kt; (16) Q x Q, R x Q; (17) Kt-K7 ch! (Kt x B?), K-R1; (18) P-R5! [Never mind that Kt!], K-Kt1!; (19) B-B5, P x RP! (P x BP?); (20) B-B4! [What a cool customer Lasker was in such situations! By P x Kt?, B-B1! he would have merely played his intrepid opponent's game], P x P!; [But Napier too goes all out for the attack rather than compromise by, say, . . . B-K3]; (21) B x BP, Kt-K5!!; (22) B x R, B x P; (23) R-QKt1, B-B6 ch; (24) K-B1, B-KKt5!; [Lasker is a R up, but how is he to cope with as many as four potent threats? (. . . R x B, . . . Kt x B, . . . and the two Kt-checks). He shows the courage of a champion. He gives up all his material gain, thereby resuscitating his positional advantage and his initial K-side attack.] (25) B x KRP!, B x B; (26) R x B, Kt-Kt6 ch; (27) K-Kt2, Kt x R; (28) R x P, P-R4; (29) R-Kt3, B-Kt2; (30) R-KR3, Kt-Kt6; (31) K-B3, R-R3; (32) K x P, Kt-K7 ch; (33) K-B5, Kt-B6; (34) P-R3, Kt-R5; (35) B-K3, and being now quite helpless against the threat of P-Kt6, Black resigned.

C: A. S. Gurvitch 1928

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position with Bronstein (Black) in his more usual role. White played Q-K4 and the answer . . . Kt x QP is obvious enough. But how then (thwarting an ingenious counter-attempt) did that valiant Kt proceed to greater glory? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 points) are wins and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 17 March.

REPORT on No. 431. Set 15 February

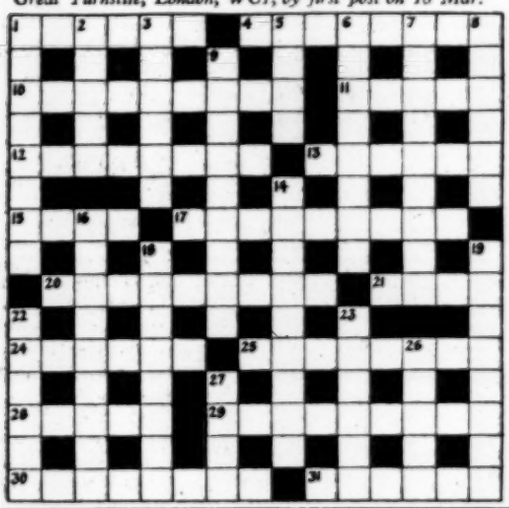
A: (1) R-B8! Q x R; (2) Kt-K7 ch etc.
B: (1) B-Kt5!, P x B; (2) Kt-B4, P x Kt; (3) R-R7 ch, K-Kt8; (4) R-Kt7 ch, K-B8; (5) R-KB7! B x R stalemate.
If (2) . . . P — Q; (3) R-R7 ch; K-Kt8; (4) Kt-Q2 ch etc.
C: (1) K-B8, B-Kt5 ch; (2) R x B, B x P; (3) R-R4 ch, B-R2; (4) R-QKt4, P-Q7; (5) R x P, P — Q; (6) R-Kt8 ch etc.
If (1) . . . B x P; (2) R x B, P-Q7; (3) R x P, B-R3 ch; (4) K-B7!, QP — Q; (5) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2; (6) R-Kt7 ch etc.
But (1) K-B7? is refuted by . . . B-Kt6 ch.

Some stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Prizes: C. Allen, M. A. Anderson, S. N. Collings, R. Hayward, J. G. Lloyd, W. T. Maccall. Many foreign competitors asking for more time, close of entries for study-competition is postponed to 3 June.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 293

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 293, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 18 Mar.



ACROSS

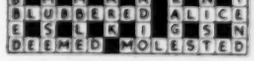
1. The place of amusement provides one with a bit of wickedness in company (6).
4. Pretend to be a rock plant (8).
10. A capital way with paltry pretentiousness (9).
11. Polish suburb of London (5).
12. Defers for a second in front of us before the page is finished (8).
13. Stop work to make an impression (6).
15. If Ted were about the instrument of torture would be traced (4).
17. The dish is smashed in a tangle (9).
20. An animal leaps about at first, although this is a state of insensibility (9).
21. Low average (4).
24. About returning it Trollope's Scott is unsystematic (6).
25. Two coins for an Asiatic (8).
28. The island is to keep the soldiers out (5).
29. Scientist who discovers that victory is in the missile (9).
30. Russian flays Americans (8).
31. It is not youth among the married that is closely united (6).

DOWN

1. The over-confiden: parson holds a sock that needs mending (8).
2. Gets rid of buildings (5).
3. Not the place for a post-mortem inspection (6).
5. 'To high-born ———'s harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay' (Gray) (4).
6. Give the wrong account or feel a bowler's loss (8).
7. Place of marriage that is in a single occasion the equivalent of submissiveness (9).
8. The river has to become acquainted with fishing gear (6).
9. It takes a critic to make a discovery afterwards (9).
14. For about two shillings a canard is improvised by the fortune-teller (9).
16. Talked on aimlessly concealing the death certificate (9).
18. The food on board ship makes it difficult to start another course (8).
19. Fabricated a different version of an event in India (8).
22. Less sensitive figure (6).
23. What one of the guard did from spite? (6).
26. Covered with a plant, I struggled (5).
27. Port which is a haunt of vice (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 291



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 291

W. Eite (Carlisle), C. R. Smith (Dorchester), Martin J. Corbin (Glen Gardner, New Jersey)

WHERE TO STAY

REOPENING 15 March: Old Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imag. & plent. food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 7½ gns. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

CHARMING guest house. Spac. grounds. Beauty spot nr. Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Whinrig, Horam.

ISLAND holiday. Farm holiday on "Paradise Island" surrounded by sea, for tranquillity and enchantment, away from the crowds. Mod. terms. Ideal for naturalists. Boat trips by fast diesel launch. Broch. on request. S.a.e. Davies, Ramsey Island, Pembs.

'BLUE Idol', Coolham, Horsham, Sx. Old Quaker Guest House. Apply Wardens.

COOMBE Lodge, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. Vegetarian Guest House on southern slopes of the Cotswolds. Write Kathleen Keleny for brochure.

RYE Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

BLACK Mountains. Peaceful holiday. Riding. Fishing. Glorious country. Log fires. Olsen, Pforest, Abergavenny, Mon.

WINTER warmth at this small friendly Hotel in 'Britain's Best Climate'. Twin-bedded top fl. rms 5/5½ gns.; others 6/7 gns., fully inclusive. Cent. htg. Vegtn if desired. Bkfst in bed (nominal chge). Recomm. by rdrs. Facing Sth, opp. covered Prom. Illus. brochures. Spring 5½/8 gns.; Summer 6/9 gns. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carnhaven Guest House. Unobstructed sea view. H. & C., Slumberlands. Excl. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. Bus tours daily. 7-8½ gns. Brochure.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms, 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

CARDIGAN Bay 8 miles. Lovely Georgian farmhouse, unsurpassed views Mod. con. Home produce. Fishing, tennis, archery. Full board 7 gns. Mrs Lloyd-Davies, Alltyrodyn Mansion, Llandyssul, Cards. Pontshaen 206.

FARM Holidays—1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouse, 900 farms, illustrated, 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SUN Pines and excellent food in small hotel 2 kilometres from sea. Reduced terms until June. La Colombette, Valescure, St. Raphael, Var.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

DO stars foretell the future? We don't know. But why not discuss the point over a glass of El Cid Sherry? Come to think of it, forget the stars. Just enjoy the sherry. It's heavenly!

ANGRY Young Men rave about Burgess Anchovy Paste on buttered toast.

DELICIOUS Indian Curries, bhajis & pulses at Gaylord Restaurant, nr. Playhouse Cin. Constantine Rd, NW3. GUL. 3109.

CURRY a Little Favour - treat yourself to some Rayner's Mango Chutney and flavour a little curry - from all good grocers.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AMERICAN bookseller in England March & April wishes to buy small/large lots of books on Economics, History, Labour, Socialism, etc. Box 8642.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

R. PALME Dutt writes on contemporary theatre, in 'Look Forward in Anger', March Labour Monthly. Also: 'The Rapacki Plan' (Quaestor); 'Reflections on the Bank' (R. Page Arnot); and 'Slithering to Ruin' (H. P. Rathbone on sterling). 1s. 8d. post free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

DEFENCE and the English-speaking Role by Sir Norman Angell. Cloth 10s. 6d. Paper 3s. 6d. 'A man of the left with an unconquerable liberal mind'—Lord Strang. Write for free list of other books to Pall Mall Press, Ltd., 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

'HARD Facts', by John Lawrence. A Christian layman, the Editor of 'Frontier', looks with candour and penetration at the hard facts of our mid-twentieth century world. 64 pages, 3s. 6d. net. Write for a copy to SCM Press, 56 Bloomsbury Street, London, WC1; or order through your bookseller.

MICHELIN Guides 1958. Ready Easter. France 23s. 6d., Italy 19s., Camping France 8s. 6d., post paid. Order now and receive on day of publication. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WANTED Urgently. British Journal Philosophy Science, May 1956. Box 8685.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND
St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada

Applications are invited for the following position on the academic staff of the University, to take effect from 1st September 1958.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN THE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

All appointments are made originally for a 2-year provisional period, establishment on a permanent basis being subject to confirmation. The appointee will be required to deal principally with undergraduate courses, Pass and Honours, but participation in the Master's course may be required.

The annual salary scale is $4,400-6,000, on annual increments.

Depending on qualifications, etc., appointment may be made above the minimum figure. Scales carry efficiency bars at certain points. There is provision for contribution towards transportation expenses, and a liberal contributory Pension Plan exists.

Applications, with complete curriculum vitae, and the names and addresses of three referees, should be addressed to The President, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada, by 8 April 1958. In addition, two copies should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, to reach him by the same date.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for the following posts:—

(i) Assistant Lectureship in Modern History. Candidates should have qualifications in International History in the 19th and 20th Centuries.

(ii) Either an Assistant Lectureship or a Lectureship in Government.

(iii) Assistant Lectureship in Economic Geography.

Salary scales, according to age, qualifications and experience:

Assistant Lectureship: £700×£50 to £850 per annum.

Lectureship: £900×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum.

FSSU benefits and family allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (six copies) must be sent by March 29 1958.

PHYSICIST OR METALLURGIST

An additional member is required for a small research team developing new bearing materials.

His targets will be precisely set and he will be required to plan, execute and interpret the results of all necessary experiments, and ultimately to carry the new products which are developed to the stage of pilot production.

Facilities are generally accorded for the publication of work and the position, which contains considerable scope and interest, also provides good prospects for promotion.

The possession of a Science Degree, preferably in Physics or Metallurgy and an appreciation of Scientific methods are essential.

A starting salary of £700 to £1,100 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, is envisaged.

Applications containing brief details of age, qualifications and experience should be sent to Personnel Manager, Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Kirkstyle, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

If you can COPE and save the situation;
If you can type, write shorthand, keep him happy;
And do all this without a Chief Fixation . . . then we have the perfect post and the perfect Chief for you. Mutual appreciation is guaranteed.
THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3-4 Lincoln's Inn Field, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

WORCESTER College, Oxford. The College proposes to appoint a Domestic Bursar, if a suitable candidate presents himself, to take up his duties, if possible, not later than 1 September 1958. Applications, giving an account of the candidate's career and qualifications and the names of three referees, should be sent by 15 April to J. R. Sargent, Worcester College, Oxford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

HOUSEKEEPER required for motherless family of 3 boys (2 at boarding school), comf., centrally heated home outskirts Bath/Bristol. Domestic help & car available. Alternatively, s/c. flat for married couple, gardener/housekeeper. Box 8707.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English (Literature). Candidates should have a good knowledge of the main authors from about 1500 to the present day and some special interest. Previous experience in lecturing or teaching will be an advantage. The salary scale is £850×£50–£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). The successful applicant will be expected to assume duty on 1 July, 1958, or as soon thereafter as possible. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than 7 April 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Natal. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Psychology, Durban. The salary scale attached to the above post is £800×£50–£1,200 per annum. In addition, a temporary cost-of-living allowance of £234 per annum will be paid to married men only. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in South Africa and London is 31 March 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education (Revised Advertisement). Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. Experience in the education of young children is essential. The man or woman appointed will be one of a team of nine Staff Tutors working together to provide courses for serving teachers in the general education of pupils of primary and secondary age, in the arts in education and in the education of handicapped children. Staff Tutors are lecturers, but they are accorded a full measure of responsibility in planning and organising developments in their special fields. The person appointed will be required to take up duty in September 1958. The salary will be within the range of £650×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650, with family allowance and membership of the FSSU. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom twelve copies of applications, including the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than 24 March 1958. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

BEDFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Bedford College of Physical Education. Applications are invited for the appointment of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Education (woman) from September 1958. The Lecturer appointed will share in the work of the department and be responsible for advanced work with specially selected Third Year students. A good degree essential and an interest in research an added qualification. Non-resident post. Alternatively, suitable part-time Lecturers able to undertake parts of the Course would be considered. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from The Principal, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days. Salary Pelham Scale for Lecturers.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hertfordshire & Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford. Required in September 1958 Graduate preferably with some experience, to share the teaching of English throughout this Girls' Grammar School to University Scholarship level. Special responsibility allowance for a suitably qualified candidate. Apply to the Headmistress.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. South Collingham Hall Reception and Observation Centre. Housemother, preferably with Certificate in Child Care, required at modern Centre which has accommodation for 24 children of all ages. Ability to co-operate with other members of staff in assessing children. Salary £400×£20 to £480 p.a. less £116 p.a. board and lodging, plus £25 p.a. for approved qualifications. Write to Mrs. M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, for application forms and further particulars quoting Est. 81. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Near Eastern Archaeology. The salary is on the scale £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 15 March, 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

HEMEL Hempstead Youth Club. Appointment of Leader. Applications are invited from men and women with experience and training in Youth Work for the full-time post of Youth Leader to the above club, which will be housed in a substantial building in the centre of Hemel Hempstead. The club will be a new project and the management committee is looking for a person with energy, enthusiasm and an interest in the youth problems of a new town, who is prepared to experiment with fresh approaches to young people. The salary offered will be within the range of £725-£900. Qualifications and experience will be taken into account in determining the initial salary to be paid. A flat above the club premises will be available to the successful applicant at a rent of £140 p.a. Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned by 1 April 1958, may be obtained from G. Brooke Taylor, 46 Marlowes, Hemel Hampstead, Herts.

ASSISTANT Organiser Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council. Appointment to be made in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Commencing salary £525 per annum. Application forms to be obtained from W. G. White, Secretary/Agent, Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council, 59 Bethel Street, Norwich, to whom they must be returned by 29 March 1958.

CLUB leaders, man and woman required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Married couple considered if both qualified. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St, London, NW8.

TECHNICAL Journalism. A completely new monthly devoted to control systems engineering is to be published shortly by an established house. We are seeking an Assistant Editor who must be scientifically qualified in electrical or mechanical engineering with some knowledge of the theory and practice of control. Experience on a journal is not essential, but some evidence of writing potential is required. The assistant editor will work under an experienced editor and the job offers an excellent opportunity to the right man. Preferred age, mid-twenties. Box 8720.

INTERNATIONAL Educational Organisation, London, SW1, seeks part-time secretary-receptionist for work including secretarial and administrative duties. Approx. 5 hrs per evening, 4-5 evenings per week. Stimulating and varied activities. Languages and S/T useful but not essential. Vital assets: personality, patience, initiative and enthusiasm. Box 8734.

PUBLISHERS' Sales Manager reqs intell., enterprising secretary. Box 8739.

SECRETARY, 20/35, well educated and capable of dealing with clients, for Advertising Agency, W1. Salary to £13. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

WANTED, capable secretary (with no Journalistic aspirations). Write Editor, Jewish Observer, stating qualifications.

UNIQUE post available in small international school for someone with real secretarial ability and interest in people. Write details, with salary required, to Principal, Pax Hill, Bentley, Farnham, Surrey.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 8760.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. WEL. 8017.

MATRON required in May to assist generally in Junior House of 12 children. Must be interested in the problems of disturbed, deprived children. Salary according to experience. Usual school holidays. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham, Ashford, Kent.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Kindergarten Mistress (pref. Froebel) wanted in May or September.

RESIDENT Caterer-Housekeeper required in April by co-educational boarding school (80 boarders, 30 day, aged 7½ to 12½). £250-£300 p.a. according to experience, plus full board. Eight weeks' holiday p.a. Apply immediately to Headmaster, Dunhurst, Bedales Junior School, Petersfield.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

WELWYN Garden City & Hatfield Development Corporations. Estates & Housing Department. Housing Welfare Assistant (Male or Female). A.P.T. II—£610 to £692 per annum. Applications are invited for the above appointment in the office of Mr J. D. Wetherman, ARICS, AAI, Chief Estates Officer. Applicants should be experienced in all aspects of Housing Welfare Work and possession of recognised qualifications would be an advantage. Ability to drive a car desirable. Superannuation. Housing accommodation available in certain circumstances. Applications to The General Manager, Welwyn Garden City & Hatfield Development Corporations, 4 Wigmores South, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

IF you can employ an all-round Photographer – high degree of craftsmanship – prepared to work as hard and as long as you like, please write M. Becker, Flat 5, 35 Gosfield St, W1.

GENTLEWOMAN seeks change. 50's, active. Book-keeping. PAYE. Administration. Typing, car driver. Box 8430.

YNG Englishman, French, Russian, sks work. Teaching? Interpreting? Box 8709.

OFFICER'S widow, with daughters 8 and 3, at present Youth Hostel warden, seeks change. Box 8745.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law. Postgraduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £330 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October, 1958, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1958) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds 2. Closing date 1 May, 1958.

THE University of Hull. Scholarship in Social Studies. The University offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum, tenable for two years, to students, aged 20-40 years, who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Application must be made not later than 21 April. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Hull.

THE French Government is offering a limited number of scholarships to British students for research work in their own field of study, for periods of 8 or 10 months in France from October or November next. Apply to M. Denis Girard, Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, SW1, before 15 March.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual Entrance Scholarships and an Exhibition available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to the Secretary, Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden Street, Kensington, W8, before the end of March.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 316

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for new handlist of courses & holiday schools, Mar.-Sept. 1958.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetizky Method – Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 24 March to 21 May. Particulars from Davies's, 5a Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St, Kensington, W8 (Park 4711). Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: practice sessions from the model without tuition on Thursdays, 7.30-9.30 p.m. Students may join at any time.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH, German, Spanish by the Direct Method in small groups. New Courses begin this month. St Giles' School of Languages, 147 Oxford Street, GER. 1460.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, Dorking, 3-7 April. Industry in a Changing Society. Director: Austen Albu. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

LECTURES, discussions, film shows, film-making. At High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, Aug. 9-22. Single room accom. Leaflet from British Film Institute, 4 Gt. Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PERSONAL

LADY, expert china and glass trade, used to social and public contact, interested music and drama, seeks post London. Organising ability. Can type. Box 8713.

IVORIES. Beethoven figure & bust, Wagner bust. 13 ctm. each. Outstanding. Excellent work. Offers invited. Box 8775.

WELL-educ., travelled, personable woman seeks partnership, progressive typing office or advert agency. Gd personality, appearance, organ. abil., b/kpg, typg. Box 8644.

PICASSO Plaque, £60. Russell-Flint, £70. Also Flower Pictures, Needlework, Oils, Water Col. Most signed. Also Dia. Ring £36. Opal Clus. £28. Dia. Eternity £34. Sapphire £28. Others. Collection Fans. Box 8704.

YOUNG man (24) requires companions for long cycle camping tour Scandinavia, Southern Europe, 30 m. day average. Commence middle June. D. Head, 100 Ebury Buildings, Ebury Square, London, SW1.

GENTLEMAN visiting Russia view peace campaign on return, wishes contact similar persons. Box 8512.

YOUNG man seeks companion (m.) for Easter/Summer holidays. Box 8510.

YOUNG Anglo-French couple, modern outlook, wide interests, invite cultured couples, also single persons, to form small informal discussion group. Box 8574.

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LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

EN FAMILLE are pleased to announce their CHANGE OF ADDRESS to No. 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, W1 (REGent 8866).
Write for particulars of the special Groups visiting our Host-Family Centres in Austria and Italy or of individual arrangements enabling you to spend your holiday in the interesting friendly atmosphere of a private family.

IS there a Liberal revival? See the sensational results of a Gallup Poll in Monday's 'News Chronicle'.

INDIAN lady returning home 15 March wishes dispose of beaut. saris. PUT. 0727.

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GAIETY in the Salzkammergut. Tom & Phyllis Forman are taking two parties to idyllic spot. Dep. 4, 17 Aug. £32, 15 days. 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. POL. 2230.

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MR BUTLER'S Other Island? No, but Rab (14 days from £36), like so many other places in Jugoslavia, is a wonderful place for a holiday. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, London, W1. LAN. 3101.

JOIN our Easter Tour to Rome, air/coach, 29 March to 8 April, £39 all in. Summer Tours: by air to Palma, Norway, Vienna. Best value. Helicon Club, 154 Westbourne Grove, W11. (2d. stamp.)

WD-be trvllr skg prfct Trvl Agnt fnd Prtnrl; dlghtd!

A HOLIDAY on the sun-drenched Riviera. Nice, Mentone or Laigueglia (Alassio). 11-day Holiday from 27 gns. (all-inclusive). Riviera Holidays, Ltd. (NS), 113/114 Shoreditch High Street, London, E1. SHO. 7780.

PROTRAVEL – the Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursdays) LAN. 3101.

P.S. Harold Ingham offers two special parties to study the art and architecture of Prague (with coach excursions) at a cost of 44 gns. for 22 days, including all travel, meals and accommodation and membership of the courses. Departures 27 July and 17 August. Programme includes parties in eight countries with language courses and 'Musicians Tours'. Write to Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St John's Rd, Harrow, HARrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Write to the Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, NW1.

FLATSHARERS' Register assists those in W and SW London who are looking for other to share. PUTney 0387.

SUNNY B/S room with view, H. & C., ckg facs, nr bus & tube. 3 gns, p.w. Ref. reqd. Phone TUDor 0516.

FURN. flat, 2 bed, 2 rec. H.C. Mod. blk NW8. Let 1 April 4 wks. CUN. 7136.

LGE B/s. rm in s/c. flat Maida Vale dist. 50s incl. Use k. & b. CUN. 9683.

LARGE B/S. in priv. flat with kit. corner, own tel., share bath. Suit yng. prof./bus. woman. £2 17s. 6d. p.w. FLA. 0610.

KENSINGTON. Sunny B/S. in private flat. Own basin H.C. C.H. Use k. WES. 2267.

SINGLE bedroom, h. & c., cooking facils. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music-lit. ints. 2 sgle rooms, £3, 50s.; also small 1-rm flatlet nr Baker St. 67s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

B/S. with bfast. Nr. Hampstead Heath/Tube. Bus. man/stud. 3 gns. Box 8822.

LARGE sngl. divan-room in woman doctor's maisonette. Use kit., bath. £11 mthly. PRI. 1202 before 12.30. Avail. 22 Mar.

PLEASANT large bed-sit., 55s. MAI. 1769 or write. Box 8753

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room in Regency house nr. Dulwich, 30s. p.w. incl. light & c.h.w. Box 8692.

LOVELY bed-sit. exch./pt. ex. occas. hght help. Suit f. stud. Box 8660.

TWO gentlemen offer share large/lux. flat, S. Ken., 1-2 others, from 12 April. All expenses shared. Write 1-7 Pocock St, SE1.

PLEASANT room, lady or gentleman, meals if required, home-cooked food. Garage. Box 8764.

BED-sit. room, h. & c.w., own basin, cooking fac. NW2. Refined lady. Reas. rent. GLA. 4631 morning or evening.

SWISS Cottage. Lge. B/S. for one. Kit., b., piano. Priv. hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

BAKER St Service rms, h. & c., ckg facs. From £3 5s. Phone WEL. 2937.

NEWLY dec. & furn. flat. Suit 1-2 ladies; c.h.w., use tel. Reas. SYD. 5349.

ST John's Wood. Girls wanted to share charming s/c flat, £3 each per week. Catto, LORds 1249.

S/C furn. flat, lge rm., kit.-bathrm. Mod. rent. Suit married cple. LAD. 3031.

DELIGHTFUL top floor room; own telephone, cooking facilities; references essential. Hampstead 2715.

12 Apr. Comf. large div. rm in s/c flat N10. Suit single lady. Use tel., bath., ckg. facs. 45s. p.w. excl. TUD. 6925 evgs. or Box 8535.

BASEMENT flat, furn., under surgery, W2. Two rooms, kit., bathroom. Suitable couple. Doctor preferred. 7 gns. Box 8778.

LAKE District. Attractive accessible furn. cottage; services; sleep five; available now; from 10 gns. weekly. Box 8797.

ASHDOWN Forest, holiday bungalow, sleep 7. 2 acres orchard, stream, secluded. Calor ckg, elec, gar., ind. san. Furn. fr. £5 weekly. Box 8489.

COTTAGE, rural I.o.W., near sandy beach, all con. except elec. 6 people. 7 gns. (not August). Box 8754.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WANTED between Chelsea and St. Paul's, or south of river (within 2 miles Victoria), one or two rooms (pref. own kitchen), furnished or unfurnished, for woman graduate. BRI. 0914 or Box 8669.

UNFURNISHED flatlet required, North or N.E. London. Box 8418.

COLONIAL grad. needs furn. flat. Sleep 3, no chldn. £5-£7 p.w. Box 8589.

VISITING University lecturer & family need small house or flat London area, June/July. A. Low, 16 Hyacinth Rd, SW15.

PROPERTIES TO LET

OFFICE accom., 3 light rooms, Southwark. 400 sq. ft & storage. £275 p.a. (o.n.o.) inc. ltg, htg, clng. Or wd. let singly. Box 8631.

MID-Cornwall, mod. bungalow avail. Aug./Sept. Potter, 71 Roschill, St Blazey.

IRELAND—North Connemara. Cottage to let fully furn. Sleep 5. Elec. Mains water, Rayburn, bathroom. Linen. Cutlery. Central, fishing, safe beach. Shops, P.O. Spring, summer months or longer let. Box 8429.

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I WANT property-minded person with £3,000 to join equally in conversion. Ambrose Appelbe, Fitzroy Park, N6.

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EIRE: attractive cottage, delightfully situated, 4 mls Avoca, Co Wicklow; sit., kit., bath, 3 beds; elec., garage; 1¼ acres garden, incl. orchard 1,300 o.n.o. Craigie-Lucas, Ballycoogue, Avoca, Co Wicklow.

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Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs. at 7.0

10 March — The Merry Widow
11, 13 & 18 March — Tosca
12 March — Trittico, Il Tabarro, Suor Angelica, Gianni Schicchi
14 March — Rigoletto
15 & 19 March — La Boheme
17 March — The Magic Flute

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA
30 Jan. to 22 March
Evenings 7.30

10 Mar. GUGLIELMO TELL
11 Mar. ANDREA CHENIER
12 Mar. I PESCATORI DI PERLE
13 Mar. GUGLIELMO TELL
14 Mar. I PESCATORI DI PERLE
15 Mar. ANDREA CHENIER

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
Evenings 7.30, Mats Sat. 2.30.

10, 11, 12, 13 & 15 March
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

14 March
SOLITAIRE (1st perf.), THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

IDOMENEO, Mozart. Stage perf., Impresario Soc. Adele Leigh, Nancy Evans, Arda Mandikian, Alexander Young, etc. Cond.: H. Ucko, Goldsbrough Orch. March 18 & 19, 7.30. St. Pancras Town Hall. 12s. 6d. to 4s.: Chappells (MAY. 7600) & Hall (TER. 7070).

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Suns. Evgs. 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Members.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0, S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Greenwood, Lysistrata.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Till 8 March 'The Sport of My Mad Mother'. 10 to 15 March, 'Epitaph for George Dillon'

TH. Royal. E.15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8, Sat. 5.0 & 8.0. Celestina. Comedy.

TOWER. 7.30. 7, 8, 9 (Mems.), 13, 14, 15 Mar. 'Who Cares?' by Leo Lehman. Coming: 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. CAN. 5111 (CAN 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45, 'The Crucible' by A. Miller. Sat., Sun. 3 p.m., 'Marriage' by Gogol. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROBERT Masters Quartet. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room Sat., 15 Mar., at 8.15 p.m. Piano Quartet in C minor, Op. 15 (Faure), String Trio (Jean Francaix), Piano Quartet in C minor, Op. 60 (Brahms). Tickets: WAT. 3191.

BACH-Handel Programme. Boyd Neel Orch. (Philomusica of London). Director: Thurston Dart. Wed. 12 March at 5.45. Tickets: 4s. (inc. prog.), Royal Festival Hall. WAT. 3191.

ASIAN Music Circle. President: Yehudi Menuhin. (1) Turkish Folk Music, Lecture-recital by Dr Laurence Picken. Tues., 11 Mar., at 7.30 at School of Oriental Studies, WC1. Subsequent fortnightly lectures on Asian Music and Dance. Spring & Summer Recitals by (2) Rita Chatterji, well-known Indian Dancer, and (3) Vilayat Khan, the great Sitar player. (4) Classes every Saturday in Dances of India-Pakistan, Sitar, Tabla (drums), Singing, Kandyan & Balinese Dances. Inf. re dates, places, membership, etc., from Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. (Tel. FIN. 2934.)

AARON Copland: Piano Fantasy. 1st perf. in England. Recital by Malcolm Troup. Sun. 9 March, 8 p.m., 45 Park Lane. 3s. 6d. at door/Ibbs & Tillett, WEL. 8418.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 9 Mar.: 'Rebel Without A Cause' (X). From 10 Mar.: Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn in 'Funny Face' (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat 3232. Sat., Mar. 8. 'The Real End of the Great War'. 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

CAESAR, no need to beware the 15 March; come to the London Festival at 5 Leicester Place, WC2. From 10.30 a.m. discussions, sports display, film, concert & dance. 4s. 6d. Progs.: LYFC, 351 Goswell Rd, EC1.

GERARD Hoffnung entertains, International House, 32 Tavistock Square, WC1, 15 March, 7.30. Hampstead S. Africa Treason Trial Fund. Prog: 3s. 6d. Tel. HAM. 9336.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 9 March: Ulanova in Swan Lake, Dans la Nuit des Temps, Rembrandt. 16 March: Pacific 231, L. S. Lowry, Vaison la Romaine, Modern Polar Exploration. 23 March: Ulanova in The Fountain of Bakhchiserai, Indian Heritage No. 1. Prehistoric Art in South Africa. 30 March: Grèce, Autel des Dieux, Foothold in Antarctica, Indian Heritage No. 2. (375.)

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c. Mar. 9. R. Todd, M. Redgrave, 'The Dam Busters, u; J. Justin, E. Dahlbeck, The Village, u.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 8 March, 8-11. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions. 26in prints average 50s. and 14s. 3d. tax. Discount to Schools. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927) – Fifty Works – First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

FACT and Idea: the significance of the subject; selected and arranged by Mervyn Levy. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. 2-22 March. Weekdays 10-6, Sunday 3-6. Free.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Recent Water Colours by Maurice Blond. Daily 10 to 5.30. Sat. 10 to 1.

ARTISTS International Association. 25th Anniversary Exhibition. R.B.A. March. Members' work, 1933-58. Contemporary section open non-members. Forms: AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings by Patrick Heron, Paul Olds, Derwent Lees. And 'The Abstract Influence 1910-1930'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Stoneware Pottery by M. Cardew. Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Av. Asthodel Pleishman, 23 Feb.-23 Mar.

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YOUNG Contemporaries—RBA Galleries, Suffolk St. Last 3 days! Big selection from all Art Schools in Britain. Daily 10-5. Sun. 2-6. Entry 1s. 6d.

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

DRIAN Gallery. 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente; 24 New Paintings. Till 3 April. Daily 10-7 incl. Saturdays.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St, SW1. Porcelain and stoneware by Bernard Leach. Dly. 9.30-5.30. Sats. to 1. 4-19 Mar.

GORDON Whatman. Recent Paintings at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St, from 11 March.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., New Pictures by Alan Reynolds. Watercolours by Cheng-Wu Fei. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Later works, Jack B. Yeats. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Paintings & Watercolours; Austin Wright, Sculpture and Drawings.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Opening 13 March. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Peter Peri: Pilgrim's Progress Suite – 18 etchings. 7 Cork St, London, W1. REG. 3660.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'Mass Media.' Richard Hoggart, John Berger, Karel Reisz.
Tuesday, 11 March, 7.30 p.m.
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus).
Beer, spirits, coffee.
Admission 2s. Members 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Barbara Castle on 'Partnership in Central Africa – does it exist?' Wed. 12 March, 7.30. 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s.

WORLD Jewish Congress—British Section. Jewish Forum 1958. Monday, 10 March 1958, at 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 'What is a Jew?' Speakers: The Rev. Leslie H. Hardman, MA, HCF, Mr E. Heimler, Dr S. A. Miller, Dr J. L. Teicher. In the Chair: Mr J. H. Barnett, Organising Secretary, World Jewish Congress, British Section. Questions & Discussion.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Investment in Culture in Medieval and Renaissance Times' will be delivered by Professor R. S. Lopez (Yale) at 5 p.m. on 17 March at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies. Conference 'Soc. Economy & Peace'. Sat. 8 March, 2-8 p.m., Kingsway Hall (Rm 32), Kingsway, WC2. Tkts & Papers at door, 2s. 6d.

'SOVIET Education: Any Questions?' Panel: H. D. Hughes (Principal, Ruskin College); Prof. J. Lauwerys (Inst. of Ed'n); Dr K. Mendelssohn, FRS; D. Taptykov (Voks., Moscow) Fri. 14 Mar. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 3s. (Arr. SCR).

THE Biologist & the Fear of Death. Lecture by Dr Eliot Slater, following AGM of the Euthanasia Society. Room 15, Friends' Meeting House, Euston Rd, NW1, 7.30, Thurs., 13 March. Adm. Free. Collns.

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz Max Harrison – Personal Choice; Mike Butcher – Jazz Extensions 1958. Monday, 10 March, 8.15.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Discussion on Museums. Speakers: G. W. Dunton, John Irwin, Benedict Nicholson, John Summerson. Chairman: G. Trenchard Cox, CBE. Thursday 13 March, 8.15. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

'MOZART'S Afterthoughts – Peter Stadlen will demonstrate and discuss, with musical illustrations, autograph alterations he has recently found in Mozart scores. Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Friday, 14 March, at 7.30. Tickets 5s from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High Street, W8. WES. 9003.

'THE Adolescent and Marriage'. Dr. Edward Griffith, at St George's Institute, Bourdon Street, W1. Wednesday, 12 March, 7.30 p.m. Tkts 2s at the door or from ISTD, 8 Bourdon St, Davies St, W1. MAY. 0632.

YOUNG Poale Zion (Zionist Socialist Youth, Ilford Br.). 11 Mar., 8 p.m., A Controversial Debate, That Zionism and Socialism are Incompatible. Proposed by Mr Eddy Grant, of SPGB. Opposed by Mr Abry Dorman, Sec. Young Poale Zion; at home of Miss J. Silver, 47 Woodgrange Rd, E7.

BEN Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. Symposium on The Theatre: speakers will include Bernard Kops. Sunday, 9 March, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 7 Mar. 8 p.m. Classicum Orchestra (leader David Roth, cond. V. Rodzianko). Sun. 9 Mar. 4 p.m., Rev. Igor Susemihl: 'Moscow, Feb. 1958' (with film). Fri. 14 Mar. 8 p.m., J. Primm: 'Apprenticeship with Kommisarjevsky', Sun. 16 March 4 p.m., at French Institute, Mrs. Biek-Vinogradova: 'Roots of Piano Playing'. (Leoture with demonstrations by her pupils.)

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 9 March, 6.30. Music & Readings; 7 p.m. Donald Ford: 'The Social Rôle of the Teacher'.

ADLERIAN Society. Dr. R. Dreikurs (Professor of Psychiatry, Chicago Medical School). 'A New Concept of Man', Thurs. 13 Mar. at 8 p.m., The Royal Society of Medicine, 1 Wimpole St, W1. Non-members welc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MONTESSORI Society. Important meeting. Sat. 15 March at 2.30 p.m. Eugenics Lecture Theatre, University College (Gower Street), WC1. Subject: Experimental Progress with Infants and Juniors. Speakers include Mario M. Montessori. Partics. from Hon. Treasurer, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. This will be followed by Weekend Study Conference London 11-13 April. All partics. from Hon. Treasurer, above address.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. J. B. Coates: 'The Art of Loving', 9 March, 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

'THE Crisis in Science and Politics.' Prof. Hyman Levy, DSc. Sun., 11 a.m., 9 Mar. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts. Sun., 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Bruce Wavell on 'Science and the World Situation', Conway Hall, Friday, 14 March, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 9 March, 'Voice of the Silence'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

HOW 'Votes for Women' Led to my Visit to China. Mrs N. Spiller. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 11 Mar. Conway Discussions, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 15 March at 6 p.m. M. Gérard Plaux (Alliance Française): 'Légendes du Béarn et de la Bigorre'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 9 Mar. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Rev. W. J. Piggott MA 'Animal Fellow Pilgrims'.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 14 March. 8.30 p.m. Mr. William Coates, 'Hindustani Classical Music'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture Wed., 12 March, 6.30 sharp, Caxton Hall, SW1: 'The Way to Nibbana,' Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikku (English Sangha). Saturday Group, 15 Mar., 3 p.m., readings, discussion, tea; all welcome – bring your problems: 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Read 'The Middle Way', Europe's leading Buddhist journal, 2s 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun., 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 13 Mar., 6.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. 'Kingly Yoga.' All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

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SCIENCE for War – or Peace? Public Conference, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W1, Sat. 22 March, 2 p.m. Spkrs.: R. L. M. Synge, FRS; S. C. Harland, FRS; E. H. S. Burhop, Rais Ahmed. 2s. 6d. Details Asst Sec., Science for Peace, 144 Wimbledon Park Rd, SW18.

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